

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

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THE NEW MINISTRY

REPORT OF THE YOUNG COMMITTEE ... J. M. KEYNES

THE THREE-PARTY SYSTEM RAMSAY MUIR

WITH SUMMER TRAVEL SECTION

GRANT RICHARDS AND HUMPHREY TOULMIN



at The Cayme Press Limited, 21 Soho Square, London

A NEW NEVILLE CARDUS

*N*eville Cardus has written on cricket so wisely and so well that a new book on the game from his pen—the first for five years—is very much of an event. “The Summer Game: A Cricketer’s Journal” (6/-), which will appear in a week or two, is interesting not only to cricketers but to lovers of English life and character. It treats of cricket as part of the English Summertime: it follows the changing seasons from Spring to Autumn and passes from Lord’s to “Our Village” and “Shasbury.” The author has combined with a knowledge of the game some relish of the humour of English sport and character. Besides the ordinary edition, a special edition of 120 copies will be printed on large paper, all numbered and signed by the author, of which 100 will be for sale at 42/- each. Very few of these 100 copies remain unsold.

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*O*ne may suppose that the detective story, the crime story, runs the risk of being overdone. Under the title of “Murder and Mystery: Thirty One Thrilling Crimes,” Evelyn Johnson and Gretta Palmer have written a very different kind of book. “The thirty-one problems are really nothing more nor less than thirty-one complete detective stories, reduced to the essential facts. There is no padding, and the insipid love interest that is an integral part of the conventional detective story has in all cases been omitted. All we have done [the authors say] is to give you the crimes to be solved. All the clues are there. We will not cheat and leave out any factor that might be necessary for the solution. And the culprit will always have a reasonable motive. . . .” In fact, it is to be hoped that the reader will work out his own solutions “before breaking the seal which binds the pages containing the answers; or, if the seal has already been broken, looking at those answers. But that is a matter for each one’s conscience.” This extra-ordinary book will appear on June 18. Price 7/6.

NEW FOUNTAIN PRESS ISSUES

*T*here are to be two new Fountain Press books in the near future—James Branch Cabell’s “Sonnets from Antan” and James Stephens’s “Theme and Variations.” Of the first there are only 25 copies for this side of the Atlantic, of the second 200. Every copy will be numbered, and signed by the author. The price of each is 42/-. Orders should be placed with booksellers at once.

London Amusements.

MATINEES FOR THE WEEK.

ADELPHI. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
APOLLO. Thurs. & Sat., at 2.30.
DRURY LANE. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
CAIETY. Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
CARRICK. To-day, Sat. & Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
HIPPODROME. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. "THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL."
KINGSWAY. Weds. & Sats., 2.30.

"MR. CINDERS."
"COQUETTE."
"THE NEW MOON."
"KEEPERS OF YOUTH."
"LOVE LIES."
"THE STRANGER WITHIN."
"MARICOLD."

LONDON PAV. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
LYRIC. Hammersmith. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
ST. JAMES'S. Wed. & Sat., 2.40.
SHAFESBURY. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
STRAND. Wed. & Fri., at 2.30.
WINTER GARDEN. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
WYNDHAM'S. Sat., 2.30.

"WAKE UP AND DREAM."
"LA VIE PARISIENNE."
"JOURNEY'S END."
"CAPRICE."
"PERSONS UNKNOWN."
"WHY DRAG IN MARRIAGE?"
"FUNNY FACE."
"EXILED."

THEATRES.

EUGENE O'NEILL'S "ALL GOD'S CHILLUN" at the Royal Court Theatre SLOANE SQUARE

Commencing MONDAY next at 8.30
Subsequently, Evenings at 9 p.m.
Sloane 5137
MATINEES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY 2.45.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 6622.) A New Musical Comedy. "MR. CINDERS."
EVGS., 8.15 MON., WED., SAT., 2.30. **BINNIE HALE.** BOBBY HOWES.
"The best musical show for years."—*Daily Express*.

ALDWYCH. (Gerr. 2304.)
NIGHTLY, 8.15. MATINEES, WED. & FRI., 2.30.
"A CUP OF KINDNESS."
TOM WALLS, Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

APOLLO. (Gerr. 6970.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
HELEN FORD in "COQUETTE."
"AN EXQUISITE PERFORMANCE."—*Evening Standard*.

DRURY LANE. (Temple Bar 717L.) EVGS., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., at 2.30.
"THE NEW MOON." A Romantic Musical Play.
EVELYN LAYE, GENE GERRARD, HARRY WELCHMAN.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 0313.) NIGHTLY, at 8.30.
Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.
"KEEPERS OF YOUTH" by Arnold Ridley.

GAIETY. (Gerr. 2780.) EVENINGS, 8.15. Mats., Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
"LOVE LIES." A New Musical Play.

LADDIE CLIFF. STANLEY LUPINO.
Madge Elliott, Cyril Ritchard, Connie Emerald.

GARRICK. (Gerr. 9513.) EVGS., 8.15. To-day, Sat. & Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
"THE STRANGER WITHIN." By Crane Wilburn.
With OLGA LINDO and MALCOLM KEEN.

HIPPODROME, London. (Ger. 0650.)
Evenings, at 8.15. Mats., Weds., Thurs. & Sats., at 2.30.
"THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL."
ERNEST TRUEX. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
HERMIONE BADDELEY. URSULA JEANS. JEAN COLIN.

HIS MAJESTY'S. EVENINGS, 8.30. 1st MAT., WED., JUNE 12, 2.30.
CHARLES B. COCHRAN'S GUITRY SEASON.
MARIETTE.

SACHA GUITRY. YVONNE PRINTEMPS.
KINGSWAY. (Holborn 4032.) EVGS., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
JEAN CLYDE in MARIGOLD.

By L. Allen Harker and F. R. Pryor.
LONDON PAVILION. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
CHARLES B. COCHRAN'S 1929 REVUE
" WAKE UP AND DREAM."

LYRIC Hammersmith. Riverside 3012. EVENINGS, at 8.15.
LA VIE PARISIENNE. Music by Offenbach.
Produced by Nigel Playfair. Matinees, Wed., and Sat., at 2.30.

THEATRES.

PRINCE OF WALES. EVGS., 8.30. MATS., THURS., SAT., 2.30. Gerr. 7482.
"JOURNEY'S END."
" LONDON'S FINEST PLAY."—*Daily Telegraph*.

ST. JAMES'S. (Gerr. 3903.) EVGS., 8.40. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.40.
The Theatre Guild (N.Y.) Acting Company in
"CAPRICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. (Ger. 1243.) EVGS., at 8.15. MATS., TUES., FRI., 2.30.
"77 PARK LANE." By Walter Hackett.
HUGH WAKEFIELD and MARION LORNE.

SHAFESBURY. (Gerrard 6666.) Smoking Permitted.
"PERSONS UNKNOWN" by EDGAR WALLACE.
EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & THURS., 2.30.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830.) EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.30.
GILLIAN LIND in WHY DRAG IN MARRIAGE?
IAN HUNTER. KENETH KENT.

WINTER GARDEN. (Holborn 8881.) FUNNY FACE.
FRED ASTAIRE, ADELE ASTAIRE, and LESLIE HENSON.
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WYNDHAM'S. John Galsworthy's EXILED.
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MARTINELLI (The Italian Tenor); GEORGE JESSEL (The American Stage
Artiste); Maud Muller (A Silent Coloured Picturisation of Whittier's Poem).

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM



VOL. XLV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1929.

No. 11

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE composition of the Cabinet was announced at the end of last week, and the Ministry was virtually completed on Tuesday. The full list of Ministers is as follows:—

THE CABINET

| | |
|---|-------------------------|
| Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury | Mr. Ramsay MacDonald |
| Chancellor of the Exchequer | Mr. Philip Snowden |
| Foreign Secretary | Mr. Arthur Henderson |
| Lord Privy Seal | Mr. J. H. Thomas |
| Secretary for Dominions and Colonies | Mr. Sidney Webb |
| Lord President of the Council | Lord Parmoor |
| Lord Chancellor | Lord Sankey |
| Home Secretary | Mr. J. R. Clynes |
| Secretary for India | Mr. Wedgwood Benn |
| Secretary for War | Mr. Tom Shaw |
| Secretary for Air | Lord Thomson |
| Minister of Health | Mr. Arthur Greenwood |
| Minister of Labour | Miss Margaret Bondfield |
| Minister of Agriculture | Mr. Noel Buxton |
| President of Board of Education | Sir Charles Trevelyan |
| President of Board of Trade | Mr. William Graham |
| First Lord of the Admiralty | Mr. A. V. Alexander |
| Secretary for Scotland | Mr. W. Adamson |
| First Commissioner of Works | Mr. George Lansbury |

NOT IN THE CABINET

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| Chancellor of the Duchy | Sir Oswald Mosley |
| Attorney-General | Mr. W. A. Jowitt |
| Solicitor-General | Mr. J. B. Melville |
| Minister of Pensions | Mr. F. O. Roberts |
| Minister of Transport | Mr. Herbert Morrison |
| Postmaster-General | Mr. H. B. Lees-Smith |
| Paymaster-General | Lord Arnold |
| Financial Secretary, Treasury | Mr. Pethick Lawrence |
| Under-Secretary, Foreign Office | Mr. Hugh Dalton |
| Under-Secretary, Scotland | Mr. Tom Johnson |
| Financial Secretary, Admiralty | Mr. C. G. Ammon |
| Civil Lord, Admiralty | Mr. George Hall |

Parliamentary Secretary, Agriculture

Dr. Addison

Mr. F. Montague

Under-Secretary, Air

Mr. W. R. Smith

Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade

Mr. Ben Turner

Parliamentary Secretary, Mines

Mr. Ponsonby

Under-Secretary, Dominions

Mr. W. Lunn

Under-Secretary, Colonies

Mr. Morgan Jones

Parliamentary Secretary, Education

Miss Susan Lawrence

Parliamentary Secretary, Health

Mr. A. Short

Under-Secretary, Home Office

Dr. Drummond Shiels

Under-Secretary, India Office

Mr. J. J. Lawson

Parliamentary Secretary, Labour Ministry

Lord Russell

Parliamentary Secretary, Transport

Lord De La Warr

Under-Secretary, War

Mr. E. Shinwell

* * *

We comment on these appointments in our leading article this week. The chief surprises were the inclusion of Mr. Sidney Webb, who was thought to have retired from politics but is now to appear in the House of Lords, and the exclusion of Mr. Wheatley, who was a Parliamentary success as Minister of Health in the last Labour Government. It has been suggested in some quarters that Mr. Wheatley was left out because of his extreme views, but this explanation is hardly consistent with the inclusion of Mr. Lansbury. The truth is that the latter is personally more acceptable to the majority of Labour Members. The promotion of Miss Bondfield to Cabinet rank has been widely welcomed, both on account of her own sterling qualities and because she is the first woman to enter the Privy Council and the Cabinet. There will soon be no worlds left for the feminist movement to conquer. In Mr.

William Jowitt, Mr. MacDonald has secured another very able recruit from the Liberal Party. Preston, which returned Mr. Jowitt to Parliament as a Liberal on May 30th, is a two-member constituency, which also returns Mr. Tom Shaw. If he had been forced to fight a by-election, Mr. Jowitt would therefore have been in a very strong position. In these circumstances the Preston Liberals have been content to accept a promise that Mr. Jowitt will leave the field free for a Liberal candidate at the next election. The letters exchanged between the Prime Minister and the Attorney-General in connection with the latter's adhesion to the Labour Party should serve as a model for such correspondence. Which of Dickens's characters might have written Mr. MacDonald's concluding sentence?—

"Cordial, indeed, are the welcome which I give you and the hopes which I express that you will find pleasant companionship with us and comfort both of mind and soul as our colleague."

* * *

The *Times*, while adopting an attitude of patronizing tolerance towards the other members of the new Ministry, reserves a peculiar venom for Dr. Addison:—

"Finally, the appointment of Dr. Addison to assist Mr. Buxton at the Ministry of Agriculture can hardly fail to excite a certain merriment. . . . Dr. Addison's experience of devising policies has been far more extensive than his success in carrying them out. As Minister of Reconstruction he produced a library of little grey books, but they did not enable the Coalition Government to secure any noticeable triumphs. As Minister of Health he produced some 200,000 houses at a cost of some £1,000 each. . . . His, in particular, is one of the appointments which modify the impressiveness of the new Ministry."

This is a strange onslaught. It would be remarkable, indeed, if the Government were so strong that the appointment of a distinguished ex-Minister to a junior post provided its weakest link.

* * *

The force of circumstances and the inclinations of the Prime Minister have combined to bring international affairs into the forefront of the new Government's policy. In the first place, Mr. MacDonald's return to Office has coincided with the completion of the Young Report, a highly complicated document which Mr. Keynes elucidates on another page. Opinions may differ as to the extent to which the Young Scheme is an improvement upon the Dawes Scheme, but if it clears the way for the evacuation of the Rhineland an important advance will have been achieved. This consideration should be sufficient to satisfy any scruples that Mr. Snowden may feel about the acceptance of the Report. In the second place, Mr. MacDonald has announced his intention of going to America this summer to see President Hoover; and General Dawes, the new United States Ambassador, who is due in London on Friday, is said to be the bearer of a cordial invitation from the President to the Prime Minister. It is in such connections as this that the result of the General Election may prove of momentous importance. We are still too near the battle in the constituencies to realize fully what has happened, but when we turn our minds to disarmament and the American offer of parity, the road suddenly looks clear before us, instead of being cumbered up with the reservations of Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Jingoism of Mr. Churchill, and the gaucheries of Lord Cuschendun.

* * *

In the third place, Mr. Humbert Wolfe, the British Government Delegate at the International Labour Conference, announced on Tuesday that his Government proposed "to take the necessary steps to

ensure at the earliest possible moment the ratification of the Washington Hours Convention," and he added that "in introducing the hours legislation His Majesty's Government will take account both of the Washington Hours Convention and the London Agreement of 1926." We hope this is sufficiently cautious. It is highly desirable that, after beating about the bush for nine years, Great Britain should decide with all reasonable speed in what form she is prepared to ratify the Convention. The way in which this issue was handled by the late Government was inexcusable. It will be remembered, however, that after every form of evasion had been exhausted Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland announced last March that the Law Officers had ruled that the London Agreement was not in conformity with the Convention. No doubt the new Government, having the will, can find a way round this difficulty, but it will need to step warily. It would be too humiliating if our record in this matter were to end in unworkable legislation.

* * *

We go to press too early to comment upon Mr. Lloyd George's speech to the Liberal Parliamentary Party on Thursday. It is clear, however, from Sir Herbert Samuel's letter to the Liberal candidate for Rugby that the Party will use such influence as it possesses in Parliament to give the Government a full and fair opportunity for all reasonable measures. We hope, indeed, to see a determined attempt made by all Parties to work our Parliamentary institutions under the novel conditions which have emerged from the General Election. Some of the means by which this may be accomplished are discussed by Mr. Ramsay Muir in an article which we publish this week. Mr. Muir is, as we stated in our last issue, the author of "Robinson the Great" (Christophers, 3s. 6d.), a brilliant political pamphlet, in the form of a novel, which was published anonymously shortly before the General Election. Having foreseen very accurately the result of a triangular election under the present electoral system, Mr. Muir may fairly claim attention for his suggestions as to how the resulting situation may be turned to the national advantage. "Robinson the Great" should be read without delay by everybody with any interest in political problems.

* * *

Mr. Amery created a mild sensation on Tuesday by some jocular remarks at a luncheon given by the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers. He was, he said, associated with a political firm which had failed to get a renewal of a contract for supplying the Government of this country. Without introducing any party animus, he believed that the materials which they offered to supply were of the very best, but he was not sure that their advertisement department was all that it should have been, or that they advertised quite as effectively as they might have done. They laid stress on how they had fulfilled all the orders they had booked on their last season's catalogue, but when it came to their new season's catalogue he was not quite sure that it was, in profuseness, in illustration, or in attractiveness of get-up, such that it could vie with some of the catalogues which were so lavishly distributed in other quarters. This was good-tempered chaff, and it seems hard that Mr. Amery found it necessary to explain that he had not meant to attack the Conservative Central Office. It is possible, however, that the Chairman of the Society had a rather more serious intention when he said that if a certain political party had asked their advice on advertising they would not have put out a slogan "Safety First." They would have told them that the psychology of the

Britisher did not run on those lines. If they had said "Take a Risk," the Britisher would have responded.

* * *

By the time this number of THE NATION is in the hands of its readers the result of the South African Election will probably be known. The issue between the Smuts and the Hertzog parties is one which, in some form or another, will be an issue in the Dominion and in our Colonial administration for generations to come. General Hertzog has stated crudely that the white population of South Africa must defend all its privileges as a governing aristocracy, and resist any political concession to the native races. General Smuts wishes for a more evolutionary policy; and desires that the political status of the native races shall be subject to the law of progress and movement. There can be no doubt which of the two policies is the wiser and more far-sighted; but the outcome of the immediate contest is doubtful in the extreme.

* * *

On Sunday, June 9th, the ratifications of the Lateran Treaty were exchanged at the Vatican, where Signor Mussolini was received by Cardinal Gasparri. The ceremony, for which the Vatican authorities were responsible, was simple and dignified, and as soon as it was over, the Papal guards marched out, and took charge of the new Papal city, from the Carabinieri. Large crowds assembled to watch the ceremony of placing Roman territory under papal sovereignty. But it cannot be said that the Fascist State and the Vatican have started their partnership under really good auspices. The impressive ceremonies of ratification and transfer have been performed to a jarring accompaniment of controversial speeches and reproachful letters. Signor Mussolini is certainly chiefly to blame, for he quite deliberately introduced controversial questions into the debates upon the treaty. At the same time, it has to be admitted that the Pope prefers candour to reticence.

* * *

A few days before ratifications were exchanged the OSSERVATORE ROMANO published a long letter from Pius XI. to Cardinal Gasparri. It was a stern, uncompromising document. After stating, with a certain amount of polite circumlocution, that he could get no pleasure from compliments from a man who could commit such offences against good taste as Signor Mussolini, his Holiness reviewed the ambiguities of the position with searching logic. First, it seemed to him rather remarkable, and indeed ominous, that a speech in support of the treaty and the concordat should contain heretical and modernist arguments. Secondly, his Holiness objects to Signor Mussolini's insistence on the State's right to supervise the Church. The Church, remarks Pius XI., cannot agree to be treated as a suspicious character. Thirdly, the Pope states that Mussolini's speech makes assertions which are not in accordance with the Concordat. This is not a good beginning, and no ceremonial can make it so; indeed, it seems as though the Vatican and the Quirinal have only one view in common. His Holiness is gravely apprehensive of the danger of full liberty of discussion; so are the Fascist authorities.

* * *

On the night of Saturday, June 8th, the sleepy West Indian island of Curaçao was the theatre of an extraordinary disturbance. A large number of political refugees from Venezuela, who had apparently been allowed to settle in Dutch territory, suddenly rose and seized Willemstad, the capital of the island. The policemen who resisted them were shot down, the

Governor and the Commander of the garrison were taken prisoner, the arsenal was looted. The bandits—for it is an abuse of language to call them by any other name—then steamed off in a vessel that they had chartered, and attacked the Venezuelan town of La Vela. Their own countrymen were better prepared than the Dutch, whose hospitality has been so shamefully abused, and the attack on La Vela was defeated. General Urbino—who leads the party—and the roughs who still follow him would appear to be at large on the high seas in the steamer "Maracaibo." The Dutch Government have, thus far, been steady-headed and magnanimous. Jonkheer Beelaerts van Blokland, the Foreign Minister, at once told the Press that the Venezuelan Government was not to blame; and the Ministry's chief preoccupation seems to be that the incident shall not disturb the country's good relations with Venezuela. The Government are giving no countenance to a clamour for pouring troops into the colony, and there is reason to hope that the whole affair may be dismissed as a purely irresponsible outrage.

* * *

It would seem as though the revolt of Bacha i Saqao in Afghanistan has served as a sort of inspiration to all conservative Mussulmans between India and the Caspian. A few weeks ago a number of Arab tribes in Persia became restive; they are now in open insurrection, and the town of Shiraz is threatened. The complaints of the insurgents are that taxes are levied by Government officials, instead of by tribal chiefs, that tribesmen are made to serve in the Army, that the land has been divided into military governorships, and that their rulers wear European dress. It is better to fight than to submit to these detestable innovations. But although the indignation of the Persian insurgents has been provoked by the same things which exasperated the Afghans, it is highly improbable that the revolted tribesmen will shake the Government or the dynasty. The governing classes in Persia are determined that their country shall be administered roughly in the European fashion; a tribal revolt against the existing system has very little chance of permanent success.

* * *

A Committee appointed by the Church Assembly in 1923 "to consider the question of the system of appointing bishops" has just published an interim report. This is a document of considerable interest, for the Committee included the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Manchester, Lord Hugh Cecil, the late Lord Phillimore, and many other distinguished Churchmen. As a Report, however, it is singularly inconclusive. The Committee felt it to be unsatisfactory that when a Dean and Chapter receive a licence (*congé d'élier*) from the Crown giving them leave to elect a bishop, it is invariably accompanied by a "letter missive" from the Sovereign indicating the name of the person to be elected. At the same time, the Committee were disposed to admit that this method of appointment had worked quite well in practice, and that to seek to alter it would raise the whole question of the Royal Supremacy. Ultimately, a majority on the Committee has agreed to recommend as interim measures: (1) that the electing body should have the right to refuse to elect the person named in the King's Letter Missive. This would be a right of veto only, not of nomination, and it could be overruled by Letters Patent under the Great Seal; (2) That the Archbishops should not be liable to penalty for refusing to confirm or to consecrate a person elected as a bishop; and (3) That the Prime Minister, before submitting any recommendation to his Majesty in respect of the appointment of a bishop, should consult an advisory committee.

THE NEW MINISTRY

THE newspapers have been enlivened this week by portrait-groups of the newly appointed Ministers, and a "talkie-film" of the Cabinet has been made in the garden of 10, Downing Street. What is one's reaction to the amiable faces of these middle-aged and elderly gentlemen? It is certainly very different from that which Mr. Churchill anticipated last February when he was seeking to dispel the "cursed apathy" of Conservative electors. Let us recall for a moment, Mr. Churchill's forebodings:—

"On some summer night we should go to bed a strong, tranquil nation, recovering slowly but surely our prosperity after the Great War. The next morning we might wake up and find that the control of Great Britain and the conduct of its world-wide affairs had been handed over for four or five years to the men who only two years ago were managing the general strike and trying to shatter by a single dastardly blow the economic life of the whole island and its ancient Parliamentary constitution. . . . They might easily have a gigantic social and economic breakdown, in which Parliamentary institutions would be overturned, or brushed on one side, and out of which a non-Parliamentary and unconstitutional Socialist regime would come into being as the only force capable of restoring peace and supplying food."

It is true that the worst possibilities in Mr. Churchill's nightmare have not been realized. Labour has not attained an independent majority, though it has come near to doing so. The Liberal Party retains a casting vote. But though we believe that the Liberals have a vitally important rôle to fill in this Parliament, it would be absurd to pretend that they alone stand between the Labour Government and Red Revolution. It is not only because the Liberal Party survives, despite his efforts to destroy it, that Mr. Churchill is able to go off for a world tour in tranquillity of mind. The truth is that Red Revolution is the last thing which we have to fear from Mr. MacDonald's second Administration.

The composition of the new Cabinet may arouse misgivings, but these will be of a very different order from the fears conjured up by Conservative perorations. The first thing that strikes the average newspaper-reader who studies the portrait-groups, is that the Cabinet Ministers are an elderly lot. The average age is just under sixty, but this is considerably reduced by the presence of Mr. William Graham (aged 42) and Mr. A. V. Alexander (aged 44). Ten out of the nineteen are over sixty, and of these, one is seventy-seven, another seventy, and a third sixty-nine. These facts may be comforting to those who are hag-ridden by the Socialist bogey, for, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself remarked in an article in *FORWARD* of June 1st:—

"To the young, peace and pleasantness consist in going on and surmounting difficulties; to the old, they consist in sitting dreamily in an armchair in the morning sun."

It is in this direction that one may have legitimate misgivings as to the new Government. Will it have the energy, the driving-force, the constructive intelligence to press on with the tasks which urgently need to be done, and to surmount the difficulties which lie in the

way of their accomplishment? It would be hard luck for the electors if, having expelled a Government which played too much for "Safety First," they found themselves saddled with another which had a predilection for "sitting dreamily in an armchair in the morning sun."

A closer examination of Mr. MacDonald's work as a Cabinet-maker is reassuring. In the all-important office of Foreign Secretary we find Mr. Arthur Henderson, with a reputation for solid integrity, and a considerable experience of international negotiations. If Mr. Henderson should seem deficient in the imagination and elasticity necessary for a decisive forward movement towards disarmament, it must not be forgotten that the Prime Minister is himself profoundly interested in international affairs, and evidently intends to take an active part in them. His declared intention of visiting America this summer and attending the League Assembly in the autumn are welcome signs of this. Moreover, in Dr. Hugh Dalton, Mr. Henderson will have an Under-Secretary of great ability and strong personality. The Foreign Office should thus be in good hands, but the Fighting Services—especially the Admiralty—are almost equally important, because of their obstructive powers, in any attempt to reach agreement on the reduction of armaments. Mr. A. V. Alexander, the Co-operator, has the kind of qualifications mentioned in "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" for being "Ruler of the King's Navee," and he will certainly be in favour of coming to terms with America, but it remains to be seen whether he can keep the Board of Admiralty in order.

The appointment of Mr. J. H. Thomas as Minister of Employment (under the title of Lord Privy Seal), with Sir Oswald Mosley and Mr. Lansbury as his assistants, encourages the hope that the Government will make a big effort to reduce unemployment by a policy of national development. To do anything really effective, however, Mr. Thomas will not only need the active co-operation of Miss Bondfield, at the Ministry of Labour, Mr. Greenwood, at the Ministry of Health, and Mr. Morrison, the Minister of Transport (all excellent appointments), but he will also require the support of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in overcoming the objections of the Treasury. Whether Mr. Snowden really believes in a development policy, or whether he shares the "orthodox Treasury view," we do not know, but though he is in many respects an admirable Chancellor, it is doubtful whether he will stand up to the Treasury on an issue of this kind. The new Financial Secretary, Mr. Pethick Lawrence, has a thorough grasp of finance and currency problems; his influence will undoubtedly be thrown in the right direction. In any case, Mr. Thomas has a stiff job before him, and he will need to have his well-known persuasive powers backed by coercive powers if he is to carry it through. We hope that he will have the unhesitating support of the Liberal Party in the House in carrying out what is, after all, their own policy.

We are glad to see two ex-Liberals, Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Noel Buxton, back in their former offices; another, Mr. Lees-Smith, as Postmaster-General; a fourth, Mr. Ponsonby, at the Dominions

Office, a post which will gain in importance, as Mr. Webb, the Dominions Secretary, is going to the House of Lords; and a fifth, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, in the India Office at this critical time. Nor are we inclined to complain very regretfully about Mr. William Jowitt's acceptance of the Attorney-Generalship. If Liberals are not in a position to carry their policies into practice themselves, it is at least some consolation that we can still carry on the business—which is old-established—of supplying both the other Parties with their best men and their best ideas. We are, so to speak, the manufacturing establishment of politics, and, if we are compelled for the time to let others do the retailing, we must not try to deprive them of good salesmen and handsome shopwalkers. The inclusion of Lord Sankey and Mr. Jowitt not only gives the new Government a much needed increment of strength on the legal side, but it also brings a stiffening of commonsense and sound judgment to its inner counsels.

Taken altogether, this is, we think, a more coherent and a stronger Government than that of 1924. It is also a Right Wing Government, and its troubles are likely to come, in the initial stages at any rate, from the Left Wing of its own Party. There is no fear that the Government itself will want to adopt extreme or violent courses; the danger is that the experienced politicians and comfortable trade-union officials who predominate in the Cabinet may try to do next to nothing and may then be stampeded into hasty action by the impatience of their followers. It should be the aim of the Liberal Party to maintain a steady pressure upon the Government to occupy itself and the House with urgent and necessary work; there will then be no time and no real call for dangerous experiments.

THE REPORT OF THE YOUNG COMMITTEE

BY JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

WHAT a nightmare it must have been! The hot gilt rooms, the babel of tongues, the shifts and counter-shifts, the Belgians, the unutterable boredom, and rising from the soil the miasmas of the Paris Press! We owe deep gratitude to Mr. Young and Mr. Morgan and Sir Josiah Stamp and the rest, who might have been occupied in the tranquil realism of business, yet have voluntarily subjected themselves for four interminable months to turn and twist on a polyglot grill. Have they reaped the reward of their devotion to duty?

The outlines of their construction have not yet risen distinctly out of the cloud of dust and the builders' rubble. The Conference was premature—it would have been better to await some further experience of the Dawes Plan. Once summoned, nevertheless, it was important that it should not dissolve in futility. But what matters in the Young Plan is not the exact figures or the miserable disputes which have protracted the negotiations, but one or two big ideas. I do not believe that Mr. Owen Young and Sir Josiah Stamp would have thought it worth while to put up with the caterwaulings for all these weeks if there was not something large behind; they would have gone quietly home to their own affairs. These great business-diplomats must have believed that there was, after all, something worth while at stake. Let us see if we can find it.

THE TECHNICAL PROBLEM AND THE DIPLOMATIC PROBLEM

Two objects which ought to have been kept separate have been inextricably interwoven in the Committee's contorted deliberations; on the one hand, to determine Germany's capacity to pay, and on the other, to discover the minimum sum which, having regard to the Allied debts to America, would be sufficient to permit an acceptable division of the proceeds. The first was a matter for experts, the second for diplomats.

But diplomacy has inevitably predominated over expertism—for the simple reason that not much fresh information has come to hand relevant to Germany's capacity to pay, since the experts of the Dawes Committee did their work. Inasmuch as these Annuities have only now reached their maximum and have been paid exclusively out of foreign loans, we still lack any compelling evidence based on experience. Germany has paid so far—therefore it is not certain that she cannot go on paying. But she has failed to develop the necessary export surplus or even to begin to develop it—therefore there is no proof that she can go on paying. There is nothing to compel the former Allies to abate their demands; and there is nothing to convince Germany that she can comply with them.

The experts, *qua* experts, have, therefore, had little to say except that the Dawes Annuities, particularly now that they are due to be augmented by the so-called "Index of Prosperity," are—as we knew five years ago—much too high, and that a change in the downward direction would be a further move towards sanity and reason. Having delivered themselves of these remarks of limited usefulness, they have had to doff their black robes of knowledge and to put on the tight, parti-coloured uniforms which diplomats wear. The problem has shifted from the still insoluble problem how much Germany can pay to the question how little the Allies can be induced to demand.

The latter figure has been fixed within narrow limits by two equations. It was governed, first, by the Allies' determination to demand from Germany at least as much as what the United States demands from them. Great Britain asks no more than this. The others require a modest surplus for themselves.

But there was a second equation limiting the Committee's freedom of movement. The division of the receipts between the Allies was finally fixed several years ago by the "Spa percentages." Great Britain has stood adamant that she would not allow the Spa percentages to be materially modified to her disadvantage, so long as they yield her less than she is entitled to under the terms of the Balfour Note. (The small concessions from Great Britain, to which Sir Josiah Stamp has agreed, are not, in my opinion, unjustifiable or really detrimental to our interests. I hope that the new Government will stand by him. The assignment to France of an excessive proportion of the unconditional annuity is, in spite of the guarantee fund which France is to put up, much more dangerous to our prospective receipts than the rearrangement of our nominal annuities.)

Thus the existing Dawes Annuities set the maximum. The Allied debts to America and the Spa percentages give, taken in conjunction, the minimum. But Belgium and France could not be satisfied diplomatically without some surplus over and above this minimum. Mr. Owen Young's first problem, therefore, was to settle the reasonable amount of this surplus and then to employ every device of obstinacy and tact to force it on the others. Some weeks ago he announced his decision. The average annuity was to be £102,500,000 a year instead of the Dawes Annuity of £125,000,000, or (say) £135,000,000 when augmented by the Index of Prosperity.

Now from Germany's point of view this is a reduction—and, therefore, to the good. Moreover, there was a further mitigation which could be offered her. The average annuity could be spread so as to be lighter in the near future and heavier in later years. This has been a characteristic of all the Reparation Settlements. It is a feature which commends itself to the "experts," because Germany's capacity is certainly less now than it will be later on; and it commends itself to Germany because a burden which is thrown into the future may be, and hitherto always has been, removed when the time comes. On this occasion it is proposed that the Annuity shall start at about £90,000,000, and rise to £121,000,000.

Thus next year Germany will pay under the Young Scheme only some two-thirds of what she would have had to pay under the Dawes Scheme.

So far, so good. But Germany could not expect to get this reduction as a mere gift without a *quid pro quo*. What concessions from her could the Allies ask?

GERMANY'S CONCESSIONS

They were two in number. The Dawes Scheme left it uncertain over how many years Germany must pay. Germany has argued that thirty-seven years is all that can be required under the Treaty of Versailles. The Young Plan asks Germany to put her signature to a duration of fifty-eight years from to-day and sixty-eight years from the Treaty of Peace. But the amount of the Annuity is to be much reduced after thirty-seven years from to-day.

In the second place the Dawes Scheme allowed to Germany what is called "Transfer Protection." That is to say, her liability was limited to payment in marks, and the Allies were only entitled to remit the money outside Germany to the extent that this proved possible without upsetting the exchange-value of the mark. Germany could be asked, therefore, to undertake an unconditional liability for the payment in foreign currency of a part of each Annuity. The amount of this "unprotected" portion is the question on which, in my judgment, Dr. Schacht was most justified in showing obstinacy. It is also the question on which the Allies were least justified in pressing him too far. For if the unprotected portion is dangerously large, the foreign loans already made to Germany will be placed in jeopardy and the prospects of getting further loans will be much diminished. Now it is certain that at present Germany cannot pay even the reduced Annuity without the help of further loans. Thus to shake her credit by forcing on her too large an "unprotected" transfer might hasten a crisis. Germany has agreed to an unconditional transfer of £33,000,000 a year. Even this may embarrass her seriously in the near future.

But there is a further feature of the new scheme which, in my judgment, is dangerous, and therefore objectionable compared with the Dawes Scheme. The liability to transfer the *whole* of each annuity in foreign currencies rests henceforward on Germany, and her right of postponement, instead of being unlimited in duration, is restricted to two years. Moreover, Germany's task is made more difficult by a great reduction, and extinction after ten years, of the deliveries in kind. Practically, no doubt, the two years will, in the event of a postponement taking place, be devoted to the labours of yet one more Committee of Revision. But formally the experts allege "that the total amount of the annuity proposed is one which they have every reason to believe can, in fact, be both paid and transferred by Germany." They affirm that their proposals "with the conditions and safeguards that accompany them will be within Germany's capacity to pay," adding that they "realize the responsibility of this declaration." They do not, how-

ever, even mention the fact that Germany has paid hitherto by borrowing. Nor do they say whether the transfer of the annuities is compatible with Germany's present standard of life or her present rates of money-wages relatively to other countries. Thus the real economic issue—as distinct from the immediate diplomatic necessities—is, as usual, shirked, and the consciences of the experts are saved by suppressed qualifications.

THE IMMEDIATE PROSPECTS

I am not sure, therefore, that the Young Scheme, regarded from a limited technical standpoint, is worth the pains it has cost.

What was the matter with the Dawes Scheme? Merely, that there was a prospect of "transfer protection" and a temporary cessation of German payments coming into operation at an early date.

Does the Young Scheme avoid this? I doubt it. Of course, it is easier for Germany to remit £90,000,000 than £135,000,000. But it would seem that even to pay the former sum, it will be necessary for the present that Germany should borrow abroad at least £100,000,000 a year and perhaps a good deal more. Will the rest of the world go on lending to her at this rate? It is unlikely.

Moreover, the problem of Germany's Capacity to Pay remains where it was. Given the level of the world's economic prosperity, Germany's capacity will be fixed, first, by the willingness of the rest of the world to take her goods, and, secondly, by the degree to which she can depress the efficiency-wages of her workers relatively to efficiency-wages elsewhere. It depends on nothing else. It is a human problem—to be settled by time and men's natures. The confabulations of Paris do not alter it; they have not even discussed it.

Where, then, are we to look for the large conceptions? I see the possibility of them in two quarters.

THE INTERNATIONAL BANK

The scheme has been complicated by what appears, at first sight, a portentous piece of machinery. The tasks of remittance and of supervision are to be entrusted to a new International Bank having the substantial capital of £20,000,000. I conceive that the objects of the Bank are two-fold. It renders possible the substitution of banking management for political management and the demobilization of the elaborate system of supervision and control devised by the Dawes Scheme. But it also provides a nucleus for the super-national Currency Authority which will be necessary if the world is ever to enjoy a rational monetary system. This is a very big idea about which we shall be wise to reserve judgment.

THE UNITED STATES

The total obliteration of the War Debts remains to-day, as it has been for ten years, the only solution ultimately compatible with the world's needs and the promptings of the world's conscience. Each successive Conference is to be judged, therefore, not by its technical details, but by the progress it makes to this goal. On this test the Young Committee deserves, I am sure, our gratitude and our applause.

For it has achieved one result of very great importance. By the goodwill of its American members, the Committee has defined with a new precision the relation of the United States to the War Debts. What Germany must pay is linked up by a strict formula to what America demands. Two-thirds of the benefit of any concession on her War Debts which the United States may see fit to make hereafter, is to go to the reduction of Germany's

payments and only one-third to the former Allies themselves.

Thus the way is cleared for future action. Generosity on the part of America will necessarily redound to appeasement and mercy. If America in exercise of *her* rights presses the former Allies, they in exercise of *their* rights will transmit the pressure to the standard of life of German workers who were babes or unborn when the War was hatched. But if America substitutes generosity for rights, the Allies have bound themselves to pass on to Germany the major part of the relief. This broad outcome is Mr. Owen Young's best achievement. He has deliberately allowed his Committee—even encouraged it—to "pass the buck" to his own country.

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THE THREE-PARTY SYSTEM

BY RAMSAY MUIR.

DISAPPOINTMENT with the result of the General Election must not be allowed to obscure its most striking feature. In spite of a preposterous electoral system, it has given a clearer view of the real mind of the nation than any election of recent times.

By a majority of over $5\frac{1}{4}$ millions of votes, the country has declared that Baldwinism will not do, and that there must be a change of Government. By a majority of over $5\frac{3}{4}$ millions of votes, it has declared that it does not believe in Socialism. By a similar majority it has declared that it wishes for a vigorous policy of peace and disarmament, a serious attempt to tackle unemployment, and a return to Free Trade. There can be no doubt that these are the emphatic verdicts of the country. Under a juster electoral system, these verdicts might have been even more emphatic, and they would certainly have been expressed in a different distribution of parties. But the main verdicts would not have been altered. For once in a way, an election has yielded a quite unmistakable series of decisions.

It is supremely important to realize that this clear expression of the nation's mind was only made possible by the part played by the Liberal Party, with its 511 candidates. If the Liberal Party had stood aside, or played only a negligible part in the conflict, there would have been no means of interpreting the nation's real mind. There would have been a clear majority either for the Conservative Party or for the Labour Party. In the first case, though the majority would have been due to fear of Socialism, it would have been interpreted as a vote of confidence in Baldwinism, and as a mandate for Protection. In the second case, though the majority would have been due to impatience with the outgoing Government, it would have been interpreted as evidence that the country had been converted to Socialism, and as a mandate for wild-cat schemes of nationalization and increased taxation. Only the part played by the Liberal Party has saved the nation from these distortions of its mind and will. This indicates the vitally important part which a strong third party can play in helping democracy to ascertain its own intentions. The greatest danger of democracy is that it should oscillate violently between two points of view neither of which represents its real mind, but which take turns in winning fictitious majorities created by the follies of the other side. That way lie the final discrediting of Parliamentary government, and perhaps national ruin. Parliamentary government will not last long if the electors are artificially restricted to a choice between two groups of wire-pullers, and two bodies of opinion, neither of which represents the settled judgment of a majority in the nation. From this

dilemma the Liberal Party has so far saved the nation. Can it continue to do so?

Most Liberals have believed and asserted—often in the teeth of superficial evidence—that the real mind of the British nation is Liberal; that it believes in sane and practical progress, and will not be content either with drifting or with dreaming. The voting in this election shows that these assertions were justified. For, in spite of the relatively small vote given to the Liberal Party, the verdict of the nation—condemning Baldwinism, condemning Socialism, and demanding a vigorous peace policy abroad and a vigorous industrial policy at home—is identical with the policy preached by the Liberal Party. Why, then, did not the nation express its Liberal will by sending to Westminster a Liberal Party strong enough to form a Government? The reasons are plain. In the first place, the character and aims of Liberalism are not understood by the mass of the post-war electorate, which has only known the Liberal Party as a weak and quarrelsome remnant. All our achievements before the war are forgotten or taken for granted. All our constructive work of the last few years, while it has put new heart into our own loyalists, has, as yet, failed to penetrate the ordinary electorate. In the second place, the other two parties have done everything in their power to diffuse the idea that a vote given to a Liberal is wasted; and the decrepitude and inactivity of our local organizations during the years of depression have deepened this belief, which has been a decisive factor in many scores of constituencies. Above all, the electoral system has been grossly unjust to the Liberal Party. Not only has it given us only fifty-eight seats instead of the 140 which we ought to have obtained even on the votes as cast. What is more serious, it has led thousands, perhaps millions, of electors to vote Conservative in the hope of keeping the Socialist out, or Labour as the most direct way of ousting a bad Government, when (if they had been free to do so) they would have given their first preference votes to the Liberals, and secured themselves against the danger they feared by the use of their second preference votes. These circumstances fully explain the paradox that the nation has given a Liberal verdict, and yet has sent back the Liberal Party as the smallest in the House.

Two problems now face us. They are of momentary importance, not only for the future of the Liberal Party, but for the future of representative government. The first is the problem of finding a means whereby the declared will of the nation, which has only been ascertained by the working of a three-party system, can be carried out in a Parliament whose traditions and conventions are adjusted to a two-party system. The second is the problem of giving security to the three-party system, so as to enable it to carry on its necessary work. The first is a problem of Parliamentary procedure. The second is a problem of electoral reform. They are very closely related. Opposition to electoral reform, while no doubt stimulated by the ambitions of the two larger parties, is largely inspired by the belief that Parliamentary government cannot be made to work unless the Cabinet can count upon a stable majority. If it can be shown, during the present Parliament, that government can be carried on quite efficiently when parties are balanced, the only reputable argument against electoral reform will have been destroyed. By the irony of fate, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (who is the bitterest opponent of electoral reform) is committed to an attempt to carry on Government for at least two years with a minority, and without any coalition or agreement with either of the other parties. If he succeeds, he will himself have made his position on electoral reform logically untenable. We may well hope that he will succeed.

Undoubtedly, the working of Government when parties are balanced in the House of Commons involves a material change in the conventions of the House, both on the part of the Opposition parties and on the part of the Government and its supporters.

The Opposition parties (or at least one of them) must abandon the doctrine that "it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose," and to use every possible occasion for discrediting the Government and seeking to oust it. They must accept, instead, the doctrine that it is the duty of Parliament to see that the King's Government is carried on, but that it is carried on under a continual searchlight of free and reasonable criticism. They must oppose only when they are convinced that the Government is doing something that runs counter to national interests. They must cease to practise the manœuvres of the sniper, or to rejoice in placing the Government in a minority in "snatch" divisions, or to expect the Government to resign on anything less than a matter of vital principle. The Liberals, at all events—and perhaps also the Conservatives—may be counted upon to follow this line in the present Parliament. Mr. MacDonald will get fair play. But he must expect, and welcome, frank discussion and free criticism. There must be no "monkeying" on the part of the Opposition. But equally (and this is more important) there must be no "monkeying" on the part of the Government, who are much more likely to attempt it.

For a Government which does not command a majority either in Parliament or in the country must accept the facts of the situation. It must recognize that it cannot carry anything which does not secure the support of at least one of the other parties, and therefore of a majority in the country. Minority government may be feasible when (as in the last Parliament) a party which is in a minority in the country obtains a fictitious majority in Parliament. Only majority government is possible when (as now) the Cabinet is wholesomely at the mercy of the House of Commons. The Government must, further, recognize that in these circumstances discussion in the House must be much freer than it has latterly been. On a multitude of minor issues it must be prepared to accept the judgment of the House; and this means that it must not resign, or be expected to resign, for anything short of a defeat upon a major issue.

But if these methods are to be honourably pursued, a further consequence follows. Government must forgo the use of a weapon which the Governments of the past have employed in *terrorem*, to compel the submission of Parliament. This weapon is the threat of a dissolution, which involves a fine of at least £1,000 upon every member or his supporters. No Government which does not represent a majority in the House and in the country ought to have such a weapon at its disposal. In truth, a minority Government has no justification for claiming a dissolution at the moment most convenient to it; because the only justification for a dissolution is that the King's Government cannot be carried on without it. It is therefore essential to the fair working of three-party government that the Prime Minister should not be expected or entitled to demand a dissolution unless and until every alternative means of carrying on Government without a dissolution has been tried.

Subject to these conditions, the three-party system—which has, in the election, alone made it possible to ascertain the real mind of the country—can be made the instrument of securing in Parliament a real expression of the nation's will. But these conditions are of such vital moment that they might well be defined by Parliament itself, at the outset of the new session, in the form of an Address to the Crown.

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LIFE AND POLITICS

THE Labour Government starts on its career with general goodwill. Even the Conservative journals are willing to give it credit for good intentions. I am writing before the attitude of the Liberal Party is officially defined, but there can hardly be any doubt about it. It must be an attitude of sympathetic but not uncritical support. Liberal policy, I take it, is governed by the Yarmouth speech, with its indication of the "common ground" to be worked together by the progressive parties in real, if informal, co-operation. Labour and Liberalism must march in step in the effort to make up the time lost, at home and abroad, by the sluggish Tory administration. If it rests with the Liberals, this is what will happen in the coming months, and there is a strong hope that the force of circumstances—common aims in unemployment policy, in the restoration of Free Trade, above all in a move towards disarmament alongside America—will make harmony natural, indeed inevitable. Mr. MacDonald, it is true, hates the Liberal Party, and would destroy it if he could. But he is a practical man, and knows quite well that he cannot hope to steer his Government through the daily dangers of Parliamentary life if he needlessly antagonizes the Liberals, who are wishing him well, and are genuinely convinced that he has a great opportunity before him for doing the country good. I trust, therefore, that the Prime Minister and his chief colleagues will listen seriously to the wise advice that they are receiving from their own side. Mr. Brailsford, in the *NEW LEADER*, pleads with Mr. MacDonald to make the fullest use of the ability and experience of the Liberal Parliamentarians. "Good temper and tolerance," writes this able and disinterested Labour critic, "are seemly qualities at all times, but they are specially becoming in a minority."

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Mr. MacDonald's selection for the chief offices in his Cabinet has had a good Press. The new team strikes one as stronger and better balanced than that of 1924. Mr. MacDonald has done well in declining for himself the intolerable burden of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary combined. I am not impressed by the explanation given by gossips of his choice of Mr. Henderson as Foreign Secretary: that "Uncle Arthur" will be amenable to Mr. MacDonald and act as his instrument. Mr. Henderson is not at all that kind of man. He is not exactly brilliant, but he is extremely obstinate. He took his own line with some violence when he came out of the Coalition on the Russian issue, and he took his own line at Geneva in 1924 when he signed the Protocol, which, happily, was never ratified. I was not prepared for the appointment of Mr. Alexander, the able leader of the Co-operative Party, to the Admiralty. He is, they say, a man of decision and purpose, and he will, one hopes, stand up to his experts. He will have immediately a great opportunity to handle. President Hoover has opened the way for a real move in naval disarmament. If the opportunity is bungled, nothing can prevent a new and disastrous era of competitive building. I should not have thought that the nimble Parliamentary gifts of Captain Wedgwood Benn formed the highest qualifications for the India Office, upon which great and momentous decisions will be thrust early next year. One feels quite happy about the unexpected appointment of Mr. Sidney Webb to the Dominions Office. He should be happier himself in the Lords than in the Commons, where he somehow just failed of success. We may confidently look to him for a broad and generous treatment of the problems of the Commonwealth, and in the Colonies for a decisive check to the reactionary trend of recent policy in the government of native races.

It is a Cabinet of moderates. Mr. Lansbury is taken into the official fold, but the Mr. Lansbury of to-day is considerably more mellow than the Mr. Lansbury even of the 1924 vintage. (The Commissioner of Works is really our nearest approach to a Minister of the Arts, and I hope Mr. Lansbury will prove a vigilant guardian of our countryside and of the beauty of great buildings.) The most notable omission from the Cabinet is Mr. Wheatley. Whether Mr. Wheatley would have been less of a threat to the stability of a Labour Government inside than outside the Cabinet is a nice question. Mr. MacDonald has answered it by dropping the man who enjoyed an altogether inflated reputation in the 1924 Government, and who has since definitely revolted from the inevitability of gradualness. Mr. Wheatley represents all that is most vicious and visionary in I.L.P. policy; witness his recent speech on increasing the dole. That Mr. MacDonald is in for trouble from his back benches is fairly certain. At the moment he feels himself strong enough to resist, well remembering that half-hearted submission brought him to grief five years ago. At the moment the Left Wingers are somewhat subdued. Their victories in Scotland at the election were considerably below their expectations. Moderation is, of course, the condition of Mr. MacDonald's existence in office; a step too far to the Left, as to the Right, and he is lost. He walks the tight rope over the rapids of politics.

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In the middle of last week there appeared in the *PETIT PARISIEN* the report of an interview which Mr. MacDonald had given to Mme. d'Ardenne de Pisai, who writes under the name "Andrée Viollis," and is one of the most brilliant of French journalists. She has, moreover, a high reputation for accuracy. The interview took place in English. Mme. d'Ardenne offered to submit the French text of her report to Mr. MacDonald for revision before publication, but Mr. MacDonald asked to have it in English, and the text in that language was read and corrected by him. This English version, translated back into French, was published in the French paper. The version as "passed" reported Mr. MacDonald as saying: "Inter-allied debts will have to be the subject of new consideration upon which the United States will have a good deal to say. On this question, as on that of disarmament, we shall certainly hope to get into touch with Mr. Hoover, and to work with him in close and full co-operation." This statement naturally roused great interest in America. Last Sunday's *OBSERVER* contains a cablegram sent to the *CHICAGO DAILY NEWS* from its London correspondent, Mr. Constantine Brown, who says that Mr. MacDonald requested him to dispel the "mischievous statements" in the *PETIT PARISIEN*, attributing to him the intention of reopening the question of Allied debts to the United States. "I never said," Mr. MacDonald told Mr. Brown, "that I was going to open up the question of debts to America. . . . I simply warned France that we would never consent to the scaling down of our payments from the Continent unless our own burdens were correspondingly reduced." I do not myself see much difference between the version which the Prime Minister repudiates, and his own correction, but the point is that if the facts as given are correct (I take them from the able Paris correspondent of the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*) we have here another example of the unfortunate habit of statesmen of getting out of difficulties by "blaming the reporter." Journalists, like politicians, have reputations to lose; accuracy is their stock-in-trade; and they should not

be made the victims of accusations of perverting the meaning of what is said to them without better cause than Mr. MacDonald can show in this instance.

* * *

There are signs that the ecclesiastical authorities are about to renew the battle over the City churches. The Bishop of London and his friends were frustrated by the House of Commons—largely as the result of the powerful opposition of the Lord Mayor and Corporation—when, in 1926, they tried to get a Bill passed authorizing the destruction of nineteen churches, declared to be redundant. The new *casus belli* is the Church of St. Swithin's, opposite Cannon Street station, an excellent though not superlative example of Wren's work. The rector has received an offer of £50,000 from a firm for the site, and is willing to sell, of course with the enthusiastic approval of the Bishop, in whose view the beauty and distinction which the Wren churches give to London are nothing in comparison with the need of obtaining the huge sums they would fetch for church development elsewhere. The rejection of the Bill of 1926 saved the nineteen churches for the moment, but its rejection was a qualified blessing, for it contained safeguards which would have made it rather more difficult to destroy City churches than it is under the existing law. St. Swithin's is, from the Bishop's point of view, a clever choice for a test case. It is very little used, and is close to a Wren masterpiece, St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The powerful but largely unorganized public opinion that is most strongly opposed to the destruction of any of the City churches in which Wren had a hand, will need to express itself decisively if the Bishop is not to succeed this time. Once St. Swithin's goes, not a church in the City that can by any stretch of language be called redundant is safe. The south wall of St. Swithin's, rich and quaint, with its clock over the street and "London stone" (a Roman milestone) embedded in it, redeems the street from the commonplace. Its loss would be deplorable. Again we cry, "Hands off the City churches!"

* * *

I celebrated the centenary of Millais by spending half an hour at the Tate in front of *Christ in the Carpenter's shop*. It is certainly a comfort that we have this and some half-dozen more great things of his youth to remember him by. If we are to think of Millais at all on this quite artificial occasion, let it be of Millais the marvellous boy. The least said the better about the prosperous, all too prosperous Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A., and his mournful triumphs. Well, here is *Christ in the Carpenter's shop*, still a thing of astonishing originality and beauty, and as fresh as when poor Dickens covered it with a splutter of stupid abuse. If you want to be reminded what manner of youth Millais was in his great days, read again the Pre-Raphaelite story in Holman Hunt's book; surely one of the best portraits of a budding genius in literature. The young Millais was Hunt's hero, and he is mine so long as I can look at this picture, and "The Blind Girl" and "Autumn Leaves," and forget the tragedy of false fulfilment that followed.

* * *

Perhaps I may quote, without malicious intent, a jest that was current at the time when Mr. Thomas was "tipped" for the Foreign Office. "Well, he will get on all right with the French. They don't use the aitch either."

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

QUESTIONNAIRES

SIR.—THE NATION holds among feminists an honourable reputation for justice and intelligence; but we cannot refrain from observing that its leading article on June 1st, entitled "Questionnaires to Candidates," was distinguished by neither of these qualities. It singles out, as an example of questions which "conceal a highly controversial issue under a formula which looks innocence itself," the inquiry submitted to candidates by several women's organizations, "Will you endeavour to secure equal pay and like conditions of work for men and women in industry, requiring restrictive legislation to be based on the nature of the work and not on the sex of the worker?" declaring that "it is designed to secure an affirmative answer on a matter which has been for some years the subject of acute controversy within the feminist movement." May we be permitted to state, sir, that within the feminist movement there is no controversy on this matter? The controversy lies between feminists, who realize that the only safe protection of any class of workers lies in equality of status, and that school of social reformers which misguidedly seeks to impose special restrictions upon women for their good. The object of feminists is not, as the article implies, to sweep away all regulations imposed upon women's work, "out of loyalty to the formula of equality." This would seem to us, as to the writer of your article, sir, "frankly silly." What we are seeking is to secure that all adult workers shall be given adequate protection, based not upon the irrelevant condition of their sex, but upon the essential condition of the nature of their work. Any other policy of basing restrictions upon the sex of the worker inevitably results in lowering the standard of their pay, reducing their status, and ultimately placing them, as women are placed in the industrial world to-day, at the bottom of the wage market. The question issued to candidates on this vitally important subject was not, as you suggest, sir, a disingenuous trap; the disingenuity seems to lie with those who endeavour to misinterpret the intention underlying it.—Yours, &c.,

RHONDDA
(Chairman of Executive Committee,
Six Point Group).

92, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
June 6th, 1929.

EDUCATION AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC VOTE

SIR.—I have read with great surprise a letter signed "R. G. Randall" in your current issue, in which he mentions my name as one of those who show an extreme sensibility to the power of the Roman Catholic Church over its workers, Irish and others. This is the first time I have ever heard my name used in this connection, and my own experience as a candidate in Sunderland may be of some interest to your readers.

I was one of two Labour candidates, and we were opposed by two Conservatives and two Liberals. Canon Smith, head of the Roman Catholic Church in Sunderland, arranged an interview with all the candidates. My colleague was himself a Catholic, and when the question which the Roman Catholic Church was placing before candidates was put to him he gave an affirmative reply, as would be expected from a member of his Church. An equally definite affirmative was given by the two Conservative candidates and the two Liberal candidates. All of them gave an unqualified "Yes." My own reply, based upon the definite policy of the Labour Party Executive, was described by Canon Smith in a report he issued to the Press as "qualified." The question and the answer may be of interest to your readers, and they are as follows:—

QUESTION ASKED BY CANON SMITH.

"Do you agree in principle that the same amount of public money should be expended upon schools in which definite religious teaching is given, as upon schools in

which there is no such religious teaching; and in the case of Catholic schools will you endeavour to persuade your Party to introduce, and will you support, any measure framed so as to give effect to that principle, wholly or in part, which does not infringe the existing rights of Catholic managers, by whatsoever Government it is introduced?"

REPLY.

"I think that the position of the non-provided schools has materially changed since 1902, and that the Catholics have good reason to ask for reconsideration with a view to being given greater financial assistance. I support the proposal made by the Labour Party that in the event of a Labour Government being formed that Government would be willing on request being made by the Catholics or any denomination to set up a Conference consisting of representatives of these and of the Education Authorities with a view to making proposals for the settlement of this question. Further, a Labour Government would give favourable consideration to the agreement reached by such a Conference.

"In the event, which I believe to be very unlikely, of any other Government coming into office after this election, I should still support this proposal, and would hope that it would be put into force by any such Government.

"I should also be willing to accept any proposal on which agreement had been reached and which would ensure well built and well equipped schools for the children."

It is interesting to note that I was at the top of the poll, while the Liberals were at the bottom.—Yours, &c.,

MARION PHILLIPS.

June 10th, 1929.

LIBERAL PARTY AND ORGANIZATION

SIR.—I would like to endorse all that "Observer" says about the necessity for Liberals to organize. Speaking as one who has just done a fair amount of electioneering in a rural constituency, I can say that the task of trying to secure and co-ordinate Liberal support for the Liberal Party at the last election was heart-breaking. There was nothing whatever to work upon, and no one even knew who the Liberals in the different villages were. Up to the day of the poll we were still finding fresh batches of unsuspected Liberals who were only waiting to be brought into the fold. The joy with which they greeted one when they were found can only be likened to the rejoicing of people in occupied territory set free. It might be thought that Liberals who felt as keenly as this might be relied upon to vote in any case. Without going into the reasons, I can only assert that, in country districts at any rate, this is not so. In one small corner of the constituency we have since discovered there were 300 Liberal votes lost in a single village because no one personally attended to them. In my own village we went through the electors' list name by name, ticked off the known Liberals who voted, and fetched by car those who had not appeared by tea-time. We thought we had polled every Liberal vote round the village, but even here we found afterwards thirty more who would have voted had they been canvassed or fetched. I don't think any canvassing at all was done. With our few helpers and hastily improvised machinery it took us all our time to knock together the barest outline of any organization at all. Before the war local associations existed in every district in this division; they have been allowed to die out utterly, and even Liberals thought that the party was dead and only its leaders and its policy were left. In arranging committee rooms I found an extraordinary amount of reluctance on the part of Liberals to come out into the open—more, I believe, than the Labour Party found. There is little doubt that this lack of spirit is almost entirely attributable to the loss of *esprit de corps* brought about by the demise of the local associations. Each person felt he or she stood alone. If these were the effects on those who were good Liberals already, what must have been the effect on the waverers, and how diminished must have been the chances of winning fresh converts, or drawing recruits from adolescent electors too young to remember the Liberal traditions of earlier days?

The Tory organization was excellent. For three years I have watched a steady campaign in which fresh lots of Tory posters were pasted up in the villages at least three times a year, while we were silent. The Tory local associations have been maintained, there have been whist drives,

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dances, and socials, all organized by the Tory member, who has a permanent agent who nurses the constituency well. At the elections both Tory and Labour candidates canvassed every voter in this huge constituency. The Tories had 100 cars on election day, Labour 50, Liberals 15! Of the 13,000 who did not vote at all, it is now fairly certain that hardly a Tory or Labour vote existed among them. They were all people who would not vote under any circumstances, or Liberals. Liberals for the greater part. It says much for the leaders and the policy of Liberalism, and also for the enthusiasm and eloquence of our candidate, that, in spite of the utter breakdown of our organization, our poll increased in this constituency by 150 per cent. But it shows also that, however good leadership and policy may be, neither will avail without organization and hard work in "peace" time, so to speak. I could not say how many times last month I heard the comment, after the Liberal speaker had addressed a village meeting, "Ah! beginning to remember us again now they wants our vote." In the opinion of many shrewd observers, orthodox religion is languishing because it demands no sacrifices, financial or otherwise, from its votaries, and because it is only remembered once a week on Sundays. Possibly there is a lesson here for Liberalism, that has come to look to those at the head for all the enthusiasm and most of the money, and only really bestirs itself at election time.

Because it would be unfair to identify the constituency and the candidate (who really accomplished marvels in the impossible task that was set) in this one example of many others I have taken for illustration, I enclose my card and sign myself

"QUIDNUNC."

THE GENERAL ELECTION AND THE FUTURE OF THE LIBERAL PARTY

SIR,—I am tempted to add three further observations. First, Conservatives, and Labour are not in the least interested in, or afraid of, fifty-seven Liberal members: for they are either superfluous or a nuisance—superfluous, if they merely add fifty votes to the Labour majority, and a nuisance if they combine with the Conservatives to put the Labour Government in a minority. But Conservatives and Labour are profoundly interested in 5½ million Liberal voters—for these, if the Liberal Party is eliminated, can in at least one hundred constituencies add one hundred votes in Parliament to one side or the other.

Secondly, Liberals will be more than simple, if they imagine that Conservatives and Labour will undertake an electoral reform, the main purpose of which is to increase Liberal representation in Parliament. The avowed object of the Conservatives and Labour is to extinguish the Liberal Party, and one of the most effective and practical ways (in their judgment) of achieving this, is to reduce Liberal representation in Parliament to such a derisive minimum that Liberal voters in the constituencies will be driven to vote either Conservative or Labour. For Liberals to expect either justice or sympathy from their antagonists is just silly. When Liberals can effectively prove, by returning at least one hundred members, that the "triangle" perpetuates an intolerable position for everyone, the claims of justice will be listened to, not because they are just, but because they embody facts excessively inconvenient to Labour and Conservatism.

Thirdly, Labour and Conservatism are and will be still more prolific of advice to the Liberal Party as to how it can bring about a real renaissance. This advice will certainly be emphasized by the disgruntled self-styled Liberals, who have been mainly responsible for the disunity that has, I repeat, incalculably damaged the cause of Liberalism with the average man and woman. In war, to do what your enemy wants you to do is the quintessence of idiocy. If Liberals act on the belief that a poisoner is the person who will most effectively cure you, they had better agree at once to take the poisoned cup of disinterested advice, and arrange in advance for the post-mortem that will be cheerfully provided at 10, Downing Street or the Carlton Club.—Yours, &c.,

OBSERVER.

"DRIBLETS" IN THE "HOPELESS FIGHTS"

SIR,—Your conclusive argument against the *Times* belittling of the Liberal poll in the General Election is strongly fortified by an analysis of the result in the 315 triangular contests, in which Liberalism is prominent as runner up:—

| | Unionist. | Labour. | Liberal. |
|--------------|-----------|---------|----------|
| First place | ... 150 | ... 125 | ... 40 |
| Second place | ... 140 | ... 78 | 97 |

Liberalism cannot fail, while remembering, as you say, that its action "should be determined by larger considerations than those of self-preservation," to press for a change in our electoral system. Both the English Liberal Federation at Great Yarmouth and the Scottish at Stanraer have in this matter stated the desire of the rank and file. Proportional representation is wanted in closely populated areas, and the alternative vote is called for where it is desirable still to maintain the single-member constituency. The combined representation of Glasgow and Lanarkshire consists of twenty-two members, and does not to-day embrace a single Liberal. In that respect the result would have been the same if these single-member constituencies had been polled under alternative voting rules, although the return of seventeen Labour and five Unionist members might have varied slightly. The vote under P.R. regulations would have witnessed the return of four or five Liberal members.

Your Liberal readers will heartily join in your hope that the present Government will be able so to arrange its programme that this Parliament will have to its credit a fine record of progressive work.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN GORDON.

Glasgow.
June 8th, 1929.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT

FiLM-PRODUCERS often introduce into "abstract" or "powerful" pictures some gigantic and complicated machine and show it working at high pressure. It is an effective trick: the spectator feels that he is being battered down by the great pistons of the engines, and his head whirls with the wheels and spokes. Out of this turmoil, and a confusion of mechanical devices that not one in a hundred persons could understand, a newspaper is folded, or a bottle of milk is filled. No; thousands of newspapers are folded, hundreds of bottles are filled.

The spectator at once identifies himself with the characters of the story—the underdogs, the driven victims of our present civilization. He feels a grudge against the machine. It works *harder and better than men*; therefore he sees it as a competitor. Individual men are unreliable workers, sometimes sick and sleepy; the machine is never tired. It may become disordered, but it never makes mistakes. Many machines are *fool-proof*. Indeed, the human element seems a source of confusion and danger to the community, and it might be advantageous to the mass, if not to the individual, if the human element were assimilated by the machine.

The Bolsheviks have some such social picture. It is curious that they, who to many people stand for chaos and disruption, should direct men's eyes towards the machine-ikon. No doubt the reason is that Russia has suffered more than ordinarily from the muddle, emotionalism and injustice of human beings. It seems to the present rulers that if every man could find his function, if the functions of all were assembled, and the whole co-ordinated as a machine is co-ordinated, the working of society would be smooth, easy, and efficient. Anyway, the conception of the mob being welded into a mechanism makes a very striking phantasy, and has produced some very effective art-forms.

But symphonies of factory whistles and hooters, cubistic theatre-décor, and landscapes looking like night-

more spanners and cog-wheels, surprise the intellect rather than effect a reformation in human behaviour. "Jazz" may be repudiated as an art-form, but in its origin it was the result of the impact of machinery-rhythms on the nervous system of the negro, and does represent the struggle of emotion and instinct to assimilate a new factor. Syncopation goes against the beat of heart, pulse, and respiration; yet the exhausted nervous system acquires a toleration of mechanical vibrations by making new attempts to change them, to humanize them. Nervous irritations and neuroses are transmuted into ecstasies. The dance gives men and women new confidence as masters of the machine.

However, less than 5 per cent. of the world's population dances to the tune of the machines. In point of time, too, compared with agriculture and handicrafts, the machine has only popped its head round the door. Still, as a result of the bad old days a century ago, the effect of the machine on the masses has been, on the whole, "life-destroying." Mechanical repetition makes for dullness. Certainly, inventors and mechanics—people to whom the machines are not instruments but ends—develop quick-wittedness and clear practical insight; the type that Bernard Shaw first isolated in Straker of "Man and Superman." But this kind of training tends to make men individualistic and self-conscious: it lays no foundations for wider cultural development.

There are certain occupations which nurture a good physique, encourage the spirit of co-operation and self-sacrifice, and inure men naturally and unconsciously to hardship and heroism. Fishermen, agricultural labourers, miners, glass-blowers, blast-furnacemen—such men, in spite of being ill-paid and not too well treated, tend to flourish, and in physique and character to become the perpetual forefathers of our race. They are engaged in communal tasks, sometimes hereditary tasks, and their way of life enshrines the tradition of the occupation. It is from such communities that the dwindling city populations are recruited and invigorated.

The direct contact with, and conquest of, the elements gives its drama to the laborious lives of miners, fishermen, and agricultural labourers. The work of smelting iron has almost the beauty and significance of an enacted solar-myth. Three earths—iron-ore, coke, and limestone—are burned together in a furnace and fanned into a great heat by the "blast." After a certain number of hours the iron is ready. The "sagging hole" is pierced; it is an arched opening in the base of the furnace, stopped up with clay. There is a firework display of red-hot grains of slag; then a streamlet of molten iron emerges and crawls at about the pace of treacle down a trench of damp sand towards the moulds. The iron is white-hot, dazzling yet serene, as lovely as the sun itself. A labourer walks beside the iron to regulate its speed. Every now and then he banks up the sand, and stops the progress of the iron, so that the impurities floating on its back can coagulate and be left behind. Carelessness or casualness would mean a terrible disaster. But with confident, competent attendants the iron behaves with the courtesy and consideration of an aristocrat.

There is the antithetical type of employment in which men and women, instead of being central figures, seem merely to be the valets to a machine. Last year, at the British Fashion Show at the Agricultural Hall, there was exhibited an automatic stocking knitter, no larger in bulk than a treadle sewing machine. It was adjusted to knit an entire silk stocking, including cotton top, ladder stop, graduated leg, reinforced heel and toe, and shaped foot. It took about ten minutes to do the job. At every stage it paused as if for thinking how to proceed; and then con-

tinued, clicking its needles with the sort of fussy efficiency that is shown by a certain type of managing woman. When it turned the heel, the machine clucked with a loud hysterical note, changed the rhythm of its movements, and with whirs of complaint finished the stocking. The thread was broken automatically, and the stocking dropped into a cylinder.

A young woman who was attending to the machine crept out, picked up the stocking and placed it with a pile of others. But nobody noticed her. All eyes were fixed on the wonder-working mechanism. It had already started on another stocking.

MAUDE PEASE.

THE DRAMA THE AMERICAN STAGE AND OURSELVES

St. James's Theatre: New York Theatre Guild, "Caprice." By SIL-VARA.

WE pride ourselves on being a nation of amateurs, and can truthfully say that in our own eyes at any rate our amateurishness gives us a quality of charm and good-natured tolerance, which distinguishes us agreeably from the self-interested fanatics of the Continent. Our favourite politicians have been dragged unwillingly to the Treasury Bench from their spiritual homes in the racing stable or the stud farm; our Empire, easily the most interesting experiment in government since Rome, has been built up, in a fit of absence of mind, by younger sons too incompetent to remain at home. Our idea of a poet is Lord Byron, who said he "hated a man who was all author." Sargent was rightly our favourite painter, because of his great conversational gifts and considerable knowledge of subjects unconnected with painting. It is the secret of our national good breeding and social charm that we hate work, and think a man ought not to be interested in his job.

The British stage has naturally held the mirror up to nature. We ask actresses their opinions on golf clubs, motor-cars, and Derby winners, and are glad to think that such a "serious" actress as Miss Sybil Thorndike should be a member of the Fabian Society. In fact, our actors do their hard work "off" and rush on to the stage as if it were a mere interlude between dinner and supper, encouraged by the good-natured producer, who, adopting the slogan of Empire, bids them muddle through somehow; and fairness compels one to add that, like the British Empire, they do contrive to muddle through.

Other nations hold different views about life and art. On the French stage professionalism often degenerates into mere routine and conventionality. Still a not wholly unamiable thoroughness informs even the most tiresome virtuosity of the actors. The Russians introduced on to the stage the team spirit (which the English public school uselessly endeavours to instil into the most eccentric of all nations) and ruthlessly sacrificed the individual to the side. They thus developed to a degree as yet unknown in the history of the stage the rôle of the captain or "producer," who is the most important member of the cast, though he never appears in person. His is a personality, which many people find distasteful, and he certainly may become a sort of eccentric superman, intent on distorting everything and playing intolerable tricks before high heaven.

The Americans are second only to the Russians in their organization, teamwork, and general thoroughness. They seem to spend their whole life "at the nets." The theatre is the one branch of art in which they have reached the highest European standard. In England we are only just beginning to be aware of their achievement. Take "Broadway," "Paris Bound," "Spread-Eagle," "Porgy." Here are obviously four productions in which everything is subordinated to the eye, and which aim at

producing a perfectly different impression from that achieved by the ordinary English methods. Some people may not like the result. The actors, unless they have tremendous personal qualities, tend to become Robots. We miss in a thoroughly "produced" play that clubbability, general cosy friendliness and personal contact between actor and public, which are the qualities which we all most enjoy in our acquaintance, and which many people search for equally in literature, painting, and politics. Personally, I like to keep my personal and aesthetic life as far apart as possible, and hence I prefer the Russian and American to the English method.

"Caprice" comes straight to us from the New York Theatre Guild. Frankly, the play is not a very good one, and the Guild would have been well advised to arrive with something more substantial, something less tiny and Viennese than this tea-cup squabble between two women, both intent on getting the same man. In the theatre, as everywhere else, bricks are the better for being made with sufficient straw. Still, "Caprice" should be visited by everyone who takes the stage seriously. For the play, such as it is, is beautifully produced, rehearsed up to the hilt, and taken with a rare rapidity, which is quite delightful. An effort has been made to account for the enthusiasm with which Miss Lynn Fontanne's performance has been received by suggesting that this enthusiasm is just another outbreak of that inferiority complex which ravages the population of Great Britain: that no one cared about her while she was an English actress; but that now she comes back boosted from America we fawn upon her. The answer may well be that only when she got to America was she taught how to act, and produced in such a way that her talents were shown to the greatest advantage. An American training perhaps changed Miss Fontanne from a rough into a cut diamond. Before, too, she may well have never acted with anyone who knew his trade so thoroughly as her *vis-à-vis*, Mr. Alfred Lunt. In England, she was an amateur acting among amateurs. In America she became a professional. A really good production, really good rehearsals can pull almost anything through. This is the paradox of the stage. A production can have enough good in itself to make the evening interesting independently of the merit of the play itself, though "acting" in the old-fashioned sense cannot do this.

At the St. James's Theatre such an entertainment may be witnessed. I can recommend it heartily to everyone.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Mr. John Goss. Wigmore Hall.

THE musical executant in general, and the singer in particular, is more liable than any other type of artist to fall into a state of arrested development, and to imagine that he has nothing further to learn once he has achieved a certain measure of eminence and recognition. The actor is at least under the disagreeable necessity of learning a new part now and then, but his musical colleague can, and generally does, confine himself to almost identically the same limited repertory year in and year out. Mr. John Goss is that *rarissima avis*, a singer who invariably gives one the impression of having grown both in mental stature and artistry since the last time one heard him. His original and diversified programmes, moreover, testify to his possession of a knowledge of musical literature and a selective critical sense which are probably unique among singers, in this country at least. At the same time, whether one agrees with his interpretations or not, every phrase, every bar, every note even, is carefully thought out and studied, not merely in itself, but in its relation to the whole. In a word, Mr. Goss is not only a good singer, but a fine musician, a hard worker, and a man of intelligence. His recital at the Wigmore Hall on June 3rd consisted of twenty-three numbers representative of all schools and periods, ranging from a thirteenth-century French *chanson* to modern examples by Stravinsky and van Dieren, including many totally unfamiliar items. Particu-

larly noteworthy among these was "Desperato's Banquet," by Henry Lawes, a song with a sinister power and beauty reminding one of Webster and Tourneur.

"Mariette." His Majesty's.

"Mariette," by Sacha Guitry, is a slick and ingenious entertainment, the sentimentality of which is sufficiently leavened by satire for it to be enjoyable to the sophisticated, without the satire being so pronounced as to mar the pleasure of the sentiment. The first three acts, which tell, in the now familiar Strachey-without-tears manner of the French popular biographies, the story of Prince Louis Napoléon's intrigue with a provincial opera-singer, are charmingly written and undeniably effective. The last act in which the opera-singer, now unbelievably old, gives to a brisk journalist a garbled and romantic account of her last evening with Louis Napoléon before the *coup d'état*, is rather laboured and tiresome, and too obviously a mere vehicle for the virtuosity of the Guitrys. The description "musical comedy" is hardly accurate, for the dialogue (received with the delighted enthusiasm of the Englishman who has seen a joke in French) plays a far more important rôle than the music. Only in the first act, a pleasantly ridiculous presentation of a romantic opera from behind stage, is the music anything but fragmentary, and although the composer, Oscar Straus, has done his job neatly and with discretion, there is little character in the tunes and nothing that remains in the mind afterwards. M. Sacha Guitry was good as the journalist and superb as the Prince. Mlle. Yvonne Printemps as the singer Mariette was altogether delightful; M. Aquistapace provided solid support, and M. Fernand Bonavia as a detestable French child gave a performance that was almost too convincingly lifelike to be altogether enjoyable.

"The Devil in the Cheese." Comedy Theatre.

If Barrie had not written "A Kiss for Cinderella," or Anstey "The Brass Bottle," or if Mr. Tom Cushing had the wit of either of those writers, "The Devil in the Cheese" might have made some claim on the attention of the intelligent playgoer. Its main feature is the second act, the scene of which is laid inside the head of one of the characters, and into which the grateful offices of a newly released jinnee permit her father and the audience to see. In Barrie's similarly conceived scene everything we were shown in Miss Thing's mind bore some relation to what we had observed of her character, some application to her waking existence. Mr. Cushing, however, is content to be merely amusing. He gives us a young girl's flights of fancy—life with her lover on a South Sea Island, his rise at the age of twenty-five to the Presidency, and so on—but the incidents in the scene, though comic at times, are without wit or point, and expose none of their creator's character, which should have been their main purpose. The production, by Mr. Leslie Banks and Mr. William Keighley, is characterized by an indiscriminate use of curtains with realistic scenery which one has noticed before in Mr. Banks's productions, notably "The Lady with a Lamp" and "The Infinite Shoebblack." Otherwise it is adequate.

"Because of Irene." Little Theatre.

The authors of "Because of Irene" have an infinite but unjustified faith in their audience's powers of credulity. They take no trouble at all to create any atmosphere of verisimilitude, but dash straightway into the most wildly improbable plot imaginable. They employ all the most hackneyed dramatists' dodges to get their characters on and off—including, of course, our old friend, "Tell your mistress I wish to speak to her!"—and their dialogue is one moment too formal and the next too slangy. Mr. Arthur Wontner does the most that could possibly be done with one leading part, and Miss May Haysac coyly giggles her way through the other. In the play it was Mr. Franklyn Bellamy's blood that Mr. Wontner was after, but in life Miss Haysac would have needed police protection.

"Coquette." Apollo Theatre.

"Coquette" as a play depends on the charm and histrionic talent of the actress playing Norma, and unfortunately, except for a few instants of tolerable acting when she learns of her lover's death, the buxom Miss Helen Ford

displays neither. She totters about on six-inch heels, alternately holding her forehead and the lapels of men's coats; for, like the hospital nurse in Henley's poem, she "knows that she has exceedingly pretty hands." An actress of some personality might have temporarily persuaded us that the play was interesting, for it is not wholly bad. It suffers from a confusion of thought indicated by the irrelevance of the title. The fact that Norma has been a coquette has no bearing on her history once she has fallen desperately in love, and therefore almost the whole of the first act is mere frittering. The real theme of the play is the insane prejudice and jealousy (do the authors recognize it as such?) of Norma's father, who, as an inhabitant of the Southern States of America, is apparently entitled to shoot her lover, and then require her to get him off by giving evidence that she is "pure" and resented the young man's attentions. As she is pregnant, she prefers to shoot herself, under the curious impression that this will "help Daddy." As Norma's younger brother, Elisha Cook, Jnr., was extremely good in his *boulevertement* at her suicide. Mr. Walter Abel, who is a pleasure to watch, had a most convincing moment of rage, but his extreme pallor matched ill with his reputation as a quarrelsome roughneck; Miss Ford might well spare him a little of her superabundant make-up.

"Let's Leave It At That." Queen's Theatre.

This diverting comedy, by Miss Jeanne de Casalis and Mr. Colin Clive, which we noticed in April when it was produced by the Sunday Play Society, is now to be seen at the Queen's, with its part-authoress in the leading rôle.

"The Divine Lady." Piccadilly Theatre.

The romantic story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton obviously provides plenty of good material for a film of the romantic-historical type, and full use has been made of it in the film called "The Divine Lady" (based on the novel of the same name by E. Barrington), which is at present being shown at the Piccadilly Theatre. Except for some bad sentimental moments at Nelson's deathbed, the production is very restrained and dignified, and the photography and scenic effects are good, especially during the naval battle-scenes (at the Battles of the Nile and Trafalgar), of which there are some extremely fine and ingenious pictures. Mr. Victor Varconi, as Lord Nelson, manages to avoid entirely the sham heroics one might have expected, and gives a very quiet and restrained performance; Mr. H. B. Warner, also, is excellent as Sir William Hamilton; he is polished and slightly cynical and "looks the period." Miss Corinne Griffith is not altogether the right type for Lady Hamilton, but she is a competent actress, looks very pretty, and wears an enormous variety of extremely beautiful dresses, some of them copied from the Romney portraits of Lady Hamilton. The film has "sound effects," but, mercifully, no spoken dialogue. The Stoll Picture House has now followed the example of most of the large West-End cinemas and has been converted into a "talkie" theatre. The film showing there this week is "The Ghost Talks."

French Masterpieces and Mr. Sickert.

The exhibition of "Ten Masterpieces by Nineteenth-Century French Painters" at the Lefèvre Galleries, justifies, for once, the use of that much-abused word "masterpiece." These ten pictures, till lately in the possession of a distinguished collector, are all superb specimens of the work of their various artists. Cézanne's "Les Grosses Pommes" is one of the most impressive and satisfying of his paintings of apples. "La Parade" is one of the very few large pictures painted by Seurat; it is less attractive than his smaller "La Baie de Grandcamp" (also here), but has magnificent qualities of design and colour. The three Renoirs show him at his best and most seductive—two portraits of women (the exquisite "Femme aux Lilas" and the larger, more complex "Dans les Roses; portrait de Mme. Clapisson"), and a lovely landscape of extraordinary freshness and luminosity, "La Yole; le Seine à Asnières." The remaining four pictures are an enchanting Degas, "Deux Danseuses derrière un Portant," "A la

Mie," by Toulouse-Lautrec, and two Van Goghs, "La Mousmée" and "Les Roses," of which the latter is especially fine. Another exhibition of great interest is the "Retrospective Exhibition" of the work of Mr. W. Richard Sickert at the Leicester Galleries. Consisting of paintings, drawings, and a few etchings, this exhibition gives a representative survey of Mr. Sickert's work from his earliest days as a pupil of Whistler, and shows well the sensibility to formal relation and the impeccable colour which are characteristic of it. It includes all types of his subjects—landscapes in Bath, Dieppe, and Venice, music-hall interiors, and the low life, iron bedstead type, among which are some of his finest works.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, June 15th.—

Myra Hess and Jelly D'Aranyi, Sonata Recital, Queen's Hall, 3.
Orchestral Concert, by the National Union of School Orchestras, Crystal Palace, 6.
"Brer Rabbit," a Woodland Opera, by Mabel Dearmer, Hyde Park, 8 and 7.

Sunday, June 16th.—

Dr. Stanton Coit, on "The World Crisis in Religion and Ethics To-day," South Place, 11.

Monday, June 17th.—

"All God's Chillun Got Wings," by Eugene O'Neill, at the Court.
Plunket Greene, Recital, Aeolian Hall, 8.30.
Discussion on Marriage, between Miss V. Sackville-West and Mr. Harold Nicolson, the Wireless, 9.15.

Tuesday, June 18th.—

Gunda Mordhorst, Song Recital in Costume, Aeolian Hall, 8.15.

Wednesday, June 19th.—

"Exiled," by John Galsworthy, at Wyndham's.

Thursday, June 20th.—

Dr. Chang Poling, on "China To-day—Education," the Wireless, 7.25.
Mrs. C. B. Hodson, on "Birth-Control Clinics in the United States," Essex Hall, 8.

Friday, June 21st.—

"Murder on the Second Floor," by Frank Vosper, at the Lyric.
Mr. R. H. Gretton on "Lord John Russell and the Ascendancy of the House," the Wireless, 7.25.

OMICRON.

SLEEPLESS

WHEN will it come, the dawn?
In black monotony
Yawn follows gaping yawn,
And yet sleep dodges me.
God! It seems ages long
Since I heard a bird's song.

When will it come, the dawn?
When will these muddled stars,
Which I have gazed upon
So many lonely hours,
Stop flickering in my eyes
From unaccustomed skies?

When will it come, the dawn?
When will that fatuous moon,
That circle badly drawn,
Cease playing the buffoon
There, gaping down at me
In bland stupidity?

When will it come, the dawn?
When will the first fat thrush
Come bouncing down the lawn,
Or shrill crow blast this hush?
I am so tired of night,
God! give me back the light.

A. R. U.

REVIEWS

TO WHICH GENERATION?

The Crater of Mars. By FERDINAND TUOHY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

The Storm of Steel. By ERNST JUNGER. Translated by BASIL CREIGHTON. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

War. By LUDWIG RENN. Translated by WILLA and EDWIN MUIR. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

WHAT effect the present avidity for recollections of the Great War will have on the question of future war or peace is a tormenting riddle. Are the younger generation reading these books, and if they are, do they emerge from them with the emotions on the subject which most of us would pray for? Or, after all, is the audience composed almost altogether of us "casually preserved relics" who witnessed and participated in the eruption of Europe, and who now endeavour (as is natural after any wild and mysterious experience) to trace the nature, the order, and the relation of happenings between 1914 and 1919? At least, it is certain that the veterans still discuss war problems with astonishing zeal. Who had the worst job in the Line? Ought we to have held Ypres? Was German discipline ferocious?

Mr. Tuohy's book has the miscellaneous vivacity of after-dinner talk among old hands on many arguable active-service topics, ranging far over place and date. He raises the subject of French and his being "prematurely minded out of his command"; of Wassmuss, the German equivalent to Colonel T. E. Lawrence; of Lawrence, his importance and his departure from Arabia; of the influence that produced the collapse of the German Fleet; of the growth of army wireless. These and other themes are accompanied with anecdotes, some direct from our author's tramps abroad, and some provided by War's unavoidable camp-follower, Rumour. We hope that the version of Admiral Beatty's conduct towards Admiral von Meurer, in the hour of Armistice, proceeds from that madam; and also we should like to think Mr. Tuohy has misremembered General Cox—that admired Intelligence Chief—in ascribing to him, as the last of his instructions on examining captured Germans, "No bond of chivalry now." Mr. Tuohy's war is principally behind the scenes.

Having inquired into the psychology of war in another book, Lieutenant Jünger now presents a copious record of the German fighting man's outward experience. The limitation is not rigidly maintained, and that is not only to the reader's advantage, but essential to the truth about Flanders. There we were hunted with other weapons besides bullets, and we had other enthusiasms besides the crown-and-anchor board and cocktail-bar. For the whole affair of trench and shell-hole life, Lieutenant Jünger is a spokesman of the highest order, fresh and distinct in detail, balanced in judgment and reflection, eloquent and richly allusive. The questions of us who lurked and looked, over the way, are answered here. Lieutenant Jünger obtains our absolute trust. Among his revealing assurances, there are numerous notes on the amiable conditions of mutual allowance in which the German soldiers and the invaded civilians learned to endure the dragging years.

This author saw many of the tremendous acts of the War, and did not miss March 21st, 1918. His description of this is not to be missed either. He gives a powerful impression not only of the individual excitements of a great attack but of its electrical phantasm of vast assembling universalities also. That was the most bewildering and surging attack of all; the word "wave" found its real day. The conclusion of war, in Lieutenant Jünger's view, is "that there are ideals in comparison with which the life of an individual and even of a people has no weight"—a theory which requires to be defined in better detail, though we have known many a man on the Western Front who perceived all its secret significances, and accepted its most desperate demands.

Another protracted parley with the presences, ghostly and bodily, of the War in the West, is that of Ludwig Renn. Its style, to our taste, is not so suitable for long narrative as that of Lieutenant Jünger; it is rather like a troop-

train starting and stopping and jolting on again. The observation is keen, but at short range. Where and when things occurred, is often left obscure. We have heard it urged that geographical accuracy of allusion is unnecessary in these retrospects of war experience. Our remembrance is that soldiers always retained very clearly in mind the places at which their unit had been, and their pleasant or unpleasant associations. Such localization implies an intensity of mood towards the war; its absence will perplex the reader whose Flanders is burnt into his consciousness with all its ancient and modern names. Mention Méaulte, or Serre, or Station Road—and he begins to kindle. Those are the signs of war's protean workings. Perhaps the later generation will not be aware of the contrasting vagueness. But will that generation attend to the voices of "War"?—

"Bang! rat-at-at! Bang!
I crouched lower.
My ears sang.
Something or other hit my helmet.
I drew the blanket quite over me.
Bang! Whack! Crash! Bamm-bamm-bang!
Rat-at-at! B—rrr!"

Or will the other voices, less thunderous, reach them more audibly?

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN

The Irish Drama. By A. E. MALONE. (Constable. 15s.)

PAGAN Ireland produced native variants on folk-tales and myths of a type common to Europe and Asia, and these were written down, altered, and embellished by the monks and missionaries whose lot it was to convert the heathen. But there is nothing to show that the ancient Irish were, as Mr. Malone states dogmatically, in "a very high state of culture and civilization at the time when the Dramatists of Greece and Rome were at the highest points of their influence and power." His is the orthodox romantic view held by generations of Irish patriots, but almost certainly the pagan religion of Ireland never reached the cultural stage at which dramatic ritual could develop into religious drama. Some Celtic scholars have thought that the *Pillow Talk* in "The Tain" was originally conceived as a play, but there is probably less evidence for this than for the dramatic origin of the *Song of Solomon* or the *Book of Job*.

Not till near the end of the seventeenth century did men of Irish birth or Irish residence begin to write serious plays. Since then, however, the pathetic atmosphere of Ireland has helped to produce much of the best English comic literature. Congreve, Farquhar, Steele, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Wilde, Mr. G. B. Shaw: it is hard to believe that the writings of these dramatists were not influenced by the tragic curse overhanging the country with which they were all intimately connected. Yet none of these men has made more than passing reference to Ireland, and all wrote exclusively for a London audience. In all of them the Irish influence was environmental rather than hereditary. And the same is true of all the best dramatists of the so-called Irish Literary Revival. It is with these that Mr. Malone's book deals. It must, and it may now, be clearly stated that the writers from Ireland who until the other day made so strong an appeal to the literary hearts of England and America were nearly all protestant Englishmen whose families have been domiciled in Ireland for varying numbers of generations, but from whose blood the Gaelic tincture is practically absent. Had it been otherwise they could not have first invented and then interpreted the Celtic Twilight for their Anglo-Saxon brothers across the waters.

The Irish Literary Theatre was founded at the beginning of the present century by Mr. W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory, with Mr. George Moore and Edward Martyn in the immediate background. As the name implies, the theatre was intended to serve art for art's sake rather than the propagation of philosophic or political ideals. The immediate result was the staging of a number of impossible plays by Mr. Yeats, Mr. Russell, Mr. Martyn, and others. These were followed by something definitely better when Mr. Yeats had discovered J. M. Synge. Synge was a play-writer with

real romantic power. He successfully blended the climatic gloom of the country with the temperamental gloom of his mind, and served them up in a diction of his own creation which is popularly supposed to represent the common speech of the Irish peasantry. He was a god-send to the Irish theatre because his plays were at once attacked by the Roman Catholic Patriots. The Irish are a proud and a sensitive people. If they have faults, which is not admitted, then these faults must be kept carefully under bushels. Synge misguidedly represented Irishmen as heroes with certain human failings, and his plays were naturally stoned on the stage. This was an excellent advertisement, and the interest of England and America was concentrated on the young movement, and more especially on its manifestations at the Abbey Theatre.

Mr. Malone treats the stage work of Mr. Yeats with great respect—and, indeed, for him the Irish dramatic farm-yard is full of almost swans—but on the whole he believes that his enduring fame will rest not on his plays. In fact, Mr. Yeats has written only one play that is even passably good on the stage. He is deeply interested in the theatre, but he cannot create for it. In spite of himself he is a propagandist preoccupied with the noble, the courtly, the antique, and on these themes he preaches with a dullness and a verbal perfection that are unequalled since 1892. Synge was a different matter: he had an intuitive feeling for the stage, his plays play well, and, in spite of their extravagant language, they are said to act well in translation. One must, however, believe that he put the best of him into his small handful of poems.

Synge tried to convince himself that he was a realist, but, as Mr. Malone points out, he certainly failed to be one. Dublin has in fact produced two realist dramatists of some importance. The first and the better of these is Mr. Lennox Robinson, who has so subjected sentimentality to a first-class craftsmanship that it ceases to be offensive, and the second is Mr. Sean O'Casey, who has a violence and a sincerity which do compensate for a strain of vulgarity and a lack of stage-craft. Like Synge twenty years earlier, Mr. O'Casey occurred at exactly the right moment. The Abbey Theatre had become so dull that it was in danger of financial failure; then the "Plough and the Stars" caused a riot, the situation was saved by the box office, and interest was again directed to the Irish stage. Were it not so, perhaps Mr. Malone would have found difficulty in securing a publisher. Many of his opinions seem silly, and some obviously wrong, yet this miscellany of personal details, desultory criticism, résumés of plays, and theatrical history, is the best book on the Anglo-Irish dramatic movement that has yet appeared. For those who are interested, it will replace the earlier work of Mr. Ernest Boyd, and not only because it is more up to date. It is written pedestrianily but clearly. It is full of facts, and it would be an impertinence to say finally that the facts are of no importance. The printing and binding are worthy of the high standard of contemporary English book production.

BEYOND INTERNATIONALISM

The Common Sense of World Peace. By H. G. WELLS. (Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.)

The Mandates System in Relation to Africa and the Pacific Islands. By ELIZABETH VAN MAANEN-HELMER. (King. 15s.)

Danger Zones of Europe. By JOHN S. STEPHENS. (Hogarth Press. 2s.)

Labour and Internationalism. By LEWIS L. LORWIN. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

A History of the League or Sainte Union, 1576-1595. By MAURICE WILKINSON. (Jackson, Wylie & Co. 10s. 6d.)

MR. WELLS as prophet is always arresting. Whether we hear him meekly, or are provoked into argument and recrimination, we can never refuse to listen to him. In this reprint of the striking address which he delivered in the Reichstag last April, he looks beyond current conceptions of internationalism to the goal of a federal world State, with world-wide controls for all broad economic processes, when frontiers as we know them will be abolished, and with them

the evils of nationalism. Existing peace movements he regards as doomed to futility by their tacit acceptance of the dogma of State sovereignty. Only in the cosmopolitan ideal, which "does not see world peace as an arrangement between States, but as a greater human solidarity overriding States," can we find the road to permanent peace.

With the ultimate vision few pacifists will quarrel. But one has the impression of a curious lack of contact with the more hopeful realities of the present world situation—bad as it may be. It might almost be imagined that Mr. Wells knew nothing of the actual achievements of the League of Nations, as he mentions it in one or two places merely to couple it contemptuously with "ineffective sentimental peace treaties." Yet in the League, with all its limitations, we have the framework of a new world organization—the beginnings even of a federal world State—carrying through great constructive undertakings, fostering a sense of common interests, and slowly creating those wider loyalties which embrace the lesser, as has been the case with expanding loyalties throughout the course of history. It is the prophet's rôle to puncture our complacency and point us to far horizons. But it would be hard to believe that in wishing for the greatest possible extension of the powers of the League, we are really on the wrong track.

While the sovereignty of members of the League may remain nominally unimpaired, it has been affected in practice to a not inconsiderable degree. How far this is true in one direction, is shown by Dr. van Maanen-Helmer in her valuable account of the origin, development, and working of the mandates system—one of the most successful aspects of the League's activities. There could hardly be a greater contrast than between the old colonial system, under which a Power held territories at its own absolute disposal to exploit at will, and the mandatory system, under which such territories are held in trust for civilization, and administration by the Mandatory Power is subject to the supervision of a Permanent Commission consisting of eleven members of different nationalities, exercising control by means of the highly effective weapon of publicity.

In its handling of the difficult problems connected with national minorities, where present injustices are so often rooted in other injustices of the past, the League has so far failed to attain success. Even as matters stand, however, it is true, as Mr. Stephens points out, that such supervision as may be exercised under the Minority Treaties must lead to a new conception of sovereignty—a fact fully realized by the obstructive Succession States. As a result of all the agitation and discussion during the past year, reforms in procedure will undoubtedly be introduced, which will do something to mitigate the grievances of minorities. But such reforms will not help those minorities not covered by the operations of the treaties. Unless something further is attempted, the scandal of South Tyrol will still have to wait on a change of heart in Fascist Italy.

Whatever its failures, the international working-class movement has been less vitiated by the blight of nationalism than any other movement claiming an international basis. Its influence in popularizing the whole idea of international co-operation has extended far beyond its own boundaries. Perhaps in the future its most hopeful line of activity may lie in co-operation with the I.L.O. "Labour and Internationalism" is a useful American survey of Socialist and Trade Union international organization—past and present. So fast do things move, that some portions of it, such as that dealing with the I.L.P., already seem out of date and lacking in perspective.

The last book on the list—Mr. Wilkinson's interesting historical study of the Catholic League in France from 1576 to 1595—has no connection with the others, save as it carries our minds back to a time when such loyalties as existed in a seething flood of intrigue and civil strife, attached themselves to other objects and ideals than the sovereign State, thus illuminating Mr. Wells's thesis of changing loyalties and pointing his argument that what man has made man can remake. It throws a good deal of fresh light on a complex period and contains a valuable bibliography of contemporary and early historical sources, in the preparation of which the librarian at the Sorbonne collaborated with the author.

WOLSEY

Wolsey. By A. F. POLLARD. (Longmans. 21s.)

THIS work, which is an amplification of the Ford Lectures delivered at Oxford last year, is a complementary study to the author's "Henry VIII." which was published in 1902. There are, as might be expected from such an interval, considerable developments of opinion, but there are few important changes. The book is not so much a biography as an estimate of Wolsey's significance in history, and contains little of the intrinsically personal but what shows up through the details of finance and occasional letters. History is no respecter of the merely personal, and those who look for pictures of pomp and iniquities will be disappointed.

At the outset it is emphatically demonstrated that Wolsey's significance does not, as a common view would have it, rest upon his foreign policy, which is held to be a fiasco, not a "brilliant fiasco," but a fiasco whose sole merit was that of consistency, and that a consistent deference to papal policy, because he was led by personal interests in that one direction. In Professor Pollard's view, and he states his view cogently and as one having authorities, Wolsey is not "England's first War Minister," but the archetype of her modern sovereignty. By his synthesis of the powers of Chancellor and Papal Legate *a latere*, he revealed to his lord and master that unity of jurisdiction and monopoly of power that has come to be the essence of the modern State. For Wolsey inaugurated the era of the supremacy of modern positive law over the feudal conception of the adamantine laws of God and nature: his entire administration was a claim for the exercise of human thought for the enlightened dispensation of immutable law, and the claim has since stood unshaken. He took the twin swords of ecclesiastical and secular law and in his own hand made of them the two-handed engine that stood ready to smite down England under a more thorough autocracy than she had known. With Wolsey the stroke was never consummated, yet that engine was the Cardinal's supreme

legacy to his master, a legacy which *ex post facto* vindicated Wolsey's profession of lifelong devotion to his king—*ex post facto*, for it is doubtful whether Wolsey knew what a legacy he was leaving: his own contribution to the royal autocracy was eventual rather than intentional. His work was the concentration of the means rather than the achievement of their end, and this is as true of his share in the making of English history as it was of his reform of the clergy, a reform which never was but always to be pressed. He hardly saw the issue of his toiling and gathering together: he did not know he was a Julius making straight the paths for Henry to play the Augustus. History has shown him the scapegoat of modern sovereignty, who handed it and fell a victim to the curse. Little did he foresee the inevitable reaction that his papal ambitions, his devotion to Rome, his national papacy was provoking in the shape of the schism of 1533, and indeed we are surprised that his national papacy did not wean him himself from Rome, until we remember that as late as 1529 he lusted after the papal throne. "He always drove furiously," says Professor Pollard, "and as legate of the Pope he rode papal jurisdiction in England to its death."

Such is the main burden of the work, not the conscious achievements of a man labouring with purpose to an end, but what was incidental to that purpose. Sad irony! The greatness that Wolsey achieved (and it was a very certain greatness in his eyes) was not the greatness that historians have thrust upon him. Wolsey has achieved greatness "in his own despite."

There are chapters on Wolsey's work as Chancellor and as Papal Legate, on the nature of the opposition he met, and on his character and environment. It is a good book, cogent and illuminating; exceedingly well documented and attractive reading, most historical discussion being relegated to footnotes. Professor Pollard is a great authority on his subject, and he writes brilliantly, in the last two chapters almost glibly, yet not so as to prejudice conviction. The book is too well documented for that.

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POST DATES

By D.A.B.

YOU can't blame a girl for taking the best market, where it's a question of real importance. And you can quite understand a chap preferring to go to a whoopee party instead of dining as arranged with his aunt.

But you can kick at the man or girl who accepts an even number invitation knowing full well that he will cut it if anything better turns up; and rings up at the last moment to say that he (or more often she) is most terribly sorry, she feels absolutely like death, and she does hope it won't matter, &c.

The fact is that my generation—which is a young one—is damn slack about keeping dates. If we do keep them, we are usually late. It is a tradition for a woman to keep a man waiting for a few minutes; but nowadays she seems to think it's a social blunder to be punctual.

Being late is not so crimson as cutting a date altogether; and this latter is so prevalent that the reliable date-keeper is an exception. An appointment has lost its old significance; it is no longer respected for its own sake; it is now merely kept according to its power of attraction.

This date slackness on the part of young people affords the older generation a justifiable outlet for abuse. So, if an invitation looks like being wet—refuse it as soon as it's offered. Leave them time to get someone else. If you take a risk on a wet date, and accept, stick to it, even if the most superlative last-minute invitation comes along.

The House of Pope and Bradley is young and virile in its idea, and has an appreciation of modern youth, but—it always keeps its appointments. Your clothes will always be ready for a fitting at the specified time—however, many last-minute "rush" orders are received from possibly more celebrated or distinguished clients. We can, if necessary, build clothes within three or four days. But if we are asked to undertake a rush order, and are not sure that it can be satisfactorily completed to time we refuse the order, because we rely upon each individual production to enhance the reputation of our name.

Lounge Suits from ten guineas. Dinner Suits from fourteen guineas. Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA

Dreiser Looks at Russia. By THEODORE DREISER. (Constable. 5s.)
The Russian Land. By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS. (Bles. 7s. 6d.)
Communist Russia. By ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK. (Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.)
An Illustrated History of the Russian Revolution. Vol. II. (Lawrence. 15s.)

THREE of these books are by Americans, and the last is propaganda, part of "the endless outpour and downpour of propaganda," as Dreiser calls it. To an outside mind the cant about world revolution has become only an irritating smoke-screen. It is quite easy to grasp the main facts, for various competent observers have made them available, nor is it now very difficult to go to Russia and judge for oneself. When will the Russian authorities realize that, however necessary a change may have been in their own country, and whatever success they may be making of that change, the same process is not necessarily applicable to other countries with perfectly different conditions? We have our slums and unemployment, but is there anything that can be called oppression in England, or that can justify violent instead of gradual progress here? Why do they forget, in fulminating so particularly against England, that we taught revolution to the world? Cromwell was our Lenin before even the French Revolution was thought of, and we too made the Industrial Revolution. Most people are now ready to agree that a change was needed in Russia, and many people consider that, on the whole, it has been (for peasants, soldiers, and workmen) a change for the better; but to the agitator we can only respond as Dreiser responds:—

"I feel that the Soviet form of government is likely to endure in Russia, perhaps with modifications, and not only that but spread to and markedly affect, politically, all other nations. Against this and though the system has wonderful features, I do not wholly agree with either its philosophy or its technique. It is too much like replacing one kind of dogmatic tyranny with another."

In the same spirit a German Jew remarked to me last month in Moscow, "These people are too mystical, they have no will-power; they 'put up with the old tyranny for centuries, and now that the change has come they'll put up with the new for centuries more."

Dreiser is thoroughly in the Whitman tradition. He has the same wide sympathies, much the same enthusiasms, and even a "barbaric yawp," which takes the form of using words like "mentation" when "thought" would do. His book is the result of an invitation from the Soviet Government, and although the writer is quite shrewd enough to take care of himself it is natural that his enthusiasms were encouraged by his hosts. He was given every opportunity to travel and ask questions in that "boreal world" for eleven weeks, and presents as clear and full a picture as can be expected under the circumstances. It is the best account of post-revolutionary Russia that I have read, and one which is far more likely to awaken abroad an intelligent and much-needed appreciation of Bolshevik aims and achievements than all the trumpeting from the Kremlin, and though occasionally more impulsive than precise, it is full of the warm and generous humanity that has been evident in every other book by the same hand. We have so often heard that Russia is not really European but Asiatic, and a platitude ceasing to be a platitude when one has to prove its truth by one's own bitter experience, it is clear that that veteran truism has taken hold of Dreiser.

Mr. Rhys Williams, like his compatriot the late John Reed, is better known in Russia than anywhere else, and like John Reed he has a fresh eye for detail. He has the advantage of thoroughly knowing the language, the country, and the people over a period of years. With commendable directness he writes of what he knows. "The Russian Land" contains a dozen sketches of life and character which make one feel that their author really has his finger on the Russian pulse. The book rises to no heights, but is moving in its very unpretentiousness and its quiet confidence in the rightness of the Revolution, and like

much of the best modern writing its strength is in its sketchiness—a note here, and a note there, and the pen has just touched on the essential nerve. The chapters are headed by charming little woodcuts from Soviet schoolbooks.

Mrs. McCormick's book is based on articles written for the *NEW YORK TIMES*, and she shows herself, as might be expected, a highly competent reporter. In the second volume of the "Illustrated History" may be found some documents for a history of Bolshevism, apart from which the incessant chorus of "Comrades, up and smite them!" is almost batrachian in its monotony. The photographs are equally uninspiring.

WILLIAM PLOMER.

LETTERS: ANCIENT AND MODERN

Private Letters, Pagan and Christian. Selected by DOROTHY BROOKE. (Benn. 15s.)
Letters of Women in Love. Selected by R. L. MÉGROZ. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

ANTHOLOGIES, suggests Lady Brooke, call for apologies, and indeed excuse might be made for the reader looking askance at these two collections of letters. The interest of both books is centrifugal, the unity proclaimed by the very fact of collection more apparent than real in the sense of significant. What we have in each case is a series of selected items tolerably but scarcely strictly representative of a somewhat vaguely defined field, and dependent much more upon individual than upon any collective interest.

Lady Brooke has brought together from a number of sources some two hundred letters written over a period of about nine hundred years, from Plato to the Early Christian Fathers, and Greek, Roman, and Hellenist- and Roman-Egyptian in origin. Many famous names appear in the list of authors and addressees, and in the letters themselves—philosophers, generals, emperors, priests, and saints—but the topics discussed are even more widely various, ranging from the smallest domestic intimacies to imperial affairs and things of the spirit. Speaking generally, the interest of the letters is of two types, public and private, historical and individual. In one case attention focuses upon the famous figure, the great event; in the other upon the mode of life, of thinking and feeling, upon the trivial incident, the unchanging human reaction to common experience. The reader will not be surprised to find how close the writers of these letters come to himself; what may surprise him is to feel himself so much nearer in every way to the Greeks and early Romans than to the later Christian Fathers with their interminable talk of sin and virtue, modesty and lewdness, and the dreary controversies of Arius and Athanasius, to whom the message of Jesus was already become incomprehensible. To pass from the Pagan to the Christian letters is like passing from sunlight into a dark tunnel. With the taking up of the burden of the soul, the pagan interest in small bright things seems instantly changed for quibbling disputes over cloudy abstractions.

The translations, by various hands, are mostly excellent, but the occasional use, in the admirable endeavour to be colloquial, of such a word as "Robot" is surely questionable. However justified, it presents a conception impossible to the time, and forces a quite false sense of familiarity between past and present.

Mr. Mégroz offers his selection as (we quote the title-page) "Disclosing the Female Heart from Girlhood to Old Age." So silly, in fact meaningless, a claim almost damns the book at the outset, yet it contains material interesting both for its own sake and for its associations. Arranging his matter under the headings of "Fiancées," "Wives," "Lovers," and "Mothers, Daughters, Sisters, Friends," Mr. Mégroz manages in his hundred and fifty or so letters to introduce any number of famous names of the last four hundred years. We cannot imagine anyone reading the book steadily through, for very few of the shorter single letters reveal much personality (the occasional series of letters are much more attractive), but as a bedside book perhaps, to dip and come again, it may have its attractions.

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THE "MAN LED BY A BEAR"

The Literary Career of James Boswell, Esq. By FREDERICK ALBERT POTTLE, Assistant Professor of English at Yale University. (Oxford: Clarendon Press; Milford. 42s.)

A CERTAIN measure of somewhat tardy justice has been meted out during the last few years to James Boswell of Auchinleck, but until the biography is written, and adequately written, for which Professor Pottle has here amassed the raw materials, it may be doubted whether he will receive his full due, either as a writer or as a man. True, it is no longer customary to regard him as a sort of Scots zany who, by some stupendous miracle for which the most English of all great Englishmen was more responsible than he, happened to write the best biography in our literature, and whose instinct for self-advertisement enabled him successively to exploit the dynastic troubles of the Douglases and the tribulations of the "Brave Corsicans." We endorse Horace Walpole's estimate of him as "the quintessence of busybodies," because if he had been anything less we should owe him nothing; but we are increasingly conscious of a sense that Bozzy is still "of the fact that is wronged." We feel that we have been too apt to look at him through the puzzled and slightly contemptuous eyes of his Margaret as "a man led by a bear."

That he should be as perdurable Johnson's Boswell as the "Life" is Boswell's Johnson is a rebuke neither to him nor to us. Yet the man to whom Mr. Thomas Davies announced the "awful approach" of the sage on that memorable sixteenth of May, 1763, deserves to be studied quite apart from the "bear" whose shaggy bulk has towered above him so long.

The formidable bibliography now made available by the industry and enthusiasm of Professor Pottle should help to correct our focus. From its three hundred odd pages, more than sixty of which are monopolized by the "Johnson," there emerges a Boswell intensely alive, his almost strident vitality chequered with dissipation and gloom, a Boswell who may have been the "idle dog" Johnson called him, but who was provoked to incredible activity by his curiosity, his conceit, and his eagerness for even that vicarious notoriety which rewards the hangers-on of the great. All his acquaintance, like those of Mrs. Leo Hunter, were "celebrated by their works and talents" and (again like Mrs. Leo Hunter) it was his ambition to have no other acquaintance. "It is a very noble ambition," observed Mr. Pickwick.

In that collection of pencil profiles by George Dance which is among the most fascinating of the minor treasures of the National Portrait Gallery there is a disconcerting uniformity of outline. It seems impossible that *all* these distinguished people can have had identical noses. Only in the case of Mr. Boswell and Dr. Burney does one feel that there has been no tendency either to exaggerate or to standardize. The pencilled Bozzy has what the living Bozzy must assuredly have had—a questing nose. It was that same nose which led him to Mr. Davies's back parlour in Covent Garden, to Dr. Johnson's chambers in Inner Temple Lane, to poor Goldy's lodgings "near the six-mile stone on the Edgware Road," to the Stratford Jubilee, and to the mountains of Corsica.

"There is," remarked Dr. Johnson, "in human nature a general inclination to make people stare." The inclination was strong in Boswell, and he seems to have taken little or no trouble to suppress it. It was curiously associated with his instinctive desire to attach himself to somebody much his superior. "Oh, set me on the rock that is higher than I!" might well have been Bozzy's prayer. The first rock to which he clung was Pasquale Paoli, the second, Samuel Johnson; he also made a fugitive clutch at William Shakespeare. And the fellow exhibited a quaint adroitness in establishing contacts between the objects of his various enthusiasms. To have made Johnson and Paoli known to each other was much, especially after the Doctor's impudent ejaculation, "Sir, what is all this rout about the Corsicans?" and his severe strictures upon their ill-success against the Genoese; but it was almost more to have introduced a Corsican note in the revels of the Stratford Jubilee. The temptation to grangerize Professor Pottle's book is

very great. Opposite the facsimile of the title page of the "Account of Corsica" it would be pleasant to set the celebrated print of the author as he appeared at Stratford, in Corsican dress, with a band inscribed *Evviva la Libertà* on his hat.

Boswell's zeal in the cause of Corsica was probably quite as genuine as Byron's in the cause of Greece, and on the whole better informed than Pierre Loti's ardour on behalf of the Turks. His future biographer will find plenty of Corsican material in this collection, and much else that should provide excellent pasture. But, as Professor Pottle points out, before any definitive "Life" can be attempted, there must be made accessible the "staggering mass" of the Auchinleck MSS. now in the possession of Colonel Isham—those MSS. of which good Boswellians dream sometimes as classical scholars dream of the buried libraries of Herculaneum.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

SCANDINAVIAN STORIES

Denmark's Best Stories; Norway's Best Stories; Sweden's Best Stories. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. each.)

THE level of the work in these three books is high. Knut Hamsun's "The Call of Life" and Strindberg's "Autumn" are almost as good as Tchekhov, and not unlike Tchekhov. In manner and form, "The Call of Life" particularly recalls the Russian. A man goes out for a stroll. He meets a young woman, not a prostitute, a stranger to him. He goes to her home, and passes the night with her. In the morning, he catches a glimpse of the body of an old man in a coffin. Mystified and revolted, he leaves her. Then he looks up her name and address in the directory, and reads in the newspaper her announcement of the death of her husband, aged fifty-three. The story ends:—

"I sat for a long time and pondered.

"A man marries. His wife is thirty years younger than

he. He contracts a lingering illness. One fair day he dies.

"And the young widow breathes a sigh of relief."

The Scandinavian short story is, perhaps, nearer to the Russian than it is to the French or English.

This collection represents the output of the last hundred years. The literary history of the Scandinavian countries during that time is approximately the same. In the eighties, the realists superseded the romantics; in the nineties, the romanticists, symbolists, mystics, &c., superseded the realists.

Most of the stories deal with the peasants and fishermen. They range from the savage exultation of the Swedish Pelle Molin's "Men's Men" to the grim but beautiful pastoral of the Danish Johan Skjoldborg's "Per Hywer's Summer Day." The latter is very fine. It describes how a boy, eight years old, tends a herd of forty cows in pasture by the sea, throughout a long summer day. The picture of the scene and the impression of the boy's anxieties and exertions are beautiful and poignant.

Among the stories which deal with the poorer townspeople, Sigrid Undset's "Simonsen" stands out. Simonsen, an old reprobate, is discharged from his job in a warehouse. His son, married to a superior woman, finds him work in the country, and he is forced to leave his illegitimate family, to which he is sincerely attached. The atmosphere is even better than the characterization.

The most remarkable of the very few stories outside these two groups is by the Dane, Jens Peter Jacobsen, "Fru Fönnss." The widow Fru Fönnss is the beautiful, middle-aged mother of two adoring children, a boy and a girl, both about twenty-one. On a holiday abroad, she meets the man she loved before she was married to the children's father, and she marries him. Her action seems almost obscene to the children, who leave her and never see her again. The reader is caught between the conflicting passions, the mother's love and the children's jealousy. It is doubtful which has the greater claim.

The books contain general introductions and biographical notes on the authors by Miss Hanna Astrup Larsen. The readable American translations sometimes grate on English nerves.

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VISITORS to Ireland for the first time generally speak of the impression of newness and strangeness which the country had left indelibly on their minds. Everything is different, by contrast with other lands—scenery, atmosphere, people. It is this novelty in the aspect presented by Ireland which, apart from its wonderful diversity of scenic beauty, its soft, caressing air, the sad romance of its history, the interest of its archaeological remains, gives to an Irish holiday a freshness of experience which is not often to be found elsewhere.

Nine hours by rail and sea from London, and one is in this rare holiday-land and subject to the varied and unusual emotions which it stirs. As Ireland's most beautiful scenery lies round its coasts, numerous seaside resorts are to be found in settings of unmatched natural grandeur. Ireland has been for some years now setting itself out to attract visitors. Facilities for travel within the country, South and North, have been vastly increased of late by railway and motor-omnibuses. Circular tourist tickets are issued from certain railway stations in England and Scotland, giving both the circular route in Ireland and an interchange of cross-channel passages. Good hotels, and cheap, are to be found in every county.

There are few countries that offer such good sport to the angler as Ireland. Salmon rivers are numerous, and practically every stream, river, and lake contain trout. And perhaps there is no country where angling can be enjoyed at a lower cost. The best angling, of course, can be obtained only on payment, but rentals on almost all rivers are moderate, and there are large numbers of rivers and lakes which are free. No licence is required for brown trout fishing in the Free State, and for salmon and white trout fishing the licence for a single rod and line costs only £2. Stringent measures are being taken by the Free State Government to suppress poaching and protect the spawning grounds, so as to preserve the reputation of the country as the best and the pleasantest to fish in. There is also deep-sea fishing on parts of the South Coast. At Ballycotton, near Cork, motor-boats and boatmen are provided. It is at Ballycotton that the British Association of Deep Sea Anglers hold their summer competitions.

Another popular form of holidaying which Ireland provides is rambling and camping. There are mountain areas in Wicklow, Kerry, Connemara, and Donegal, offering a variety of wild and rugged scenery, where walking tours can be undertaken under natural conditions which are unexcelled, and where places for camping are to be found on every hand. In Ireland it would be very unusual for a farmer to object to trespass by ramblers on his land, or to ask for payment for a camping site.

The various charms of Ireland, scenic and historical, are concentrated within an area of some 300 miles by 150 miles. Ireland consists in the main of a great central plain of limestone with mountain groups around the margins. The plain is in general low and undulating and diversified by picturesque hills, and in its flat parts are great red bogs which form such a striking feature of the Irish landscape. For motoring through the country there are hundreds of miles of first-class roads. I have been told of a tour covering approximately 1,000 miles in which only two punctures were suffered, and only one of these was to be attributed to a defect in the road. Signposts of the A.A. are at most important cross-roads, so that with a fairly intelligent use of a map the motorist need have no fear of getting far astray.

Motor-cars and motor-cycles imported into the Irish Free State are subject to 38½ per cent. import duty. But in the case of importation of motor vehicles by temporary visitors, a member of a recognized automobile club or association can avoid payment of duty by obtaining from his club or association a pass-sheet. Should the motorist be unable to avail himself of this arrangement he may deposit with the Customs Officer a sum sufficient to cover the duty which is repayable at the exportation within twelve months. Visiting motorists, if not in possession of an international travelling pass, must obtain an official permit and also a driving licence for the Free State.

Northern Ireland, comprising the six counties of Antrim, Down, Derry, Armagh, Fermanagh, and Tyrone, being part of Great Britain has no Customs restrictions on travelling within its area. A visitor landing at any port in the Free State, or passing from the Free State into Northern Ireland or from Northern Ireland into the Free State, has his luggage examined by Customs officers. Small quantities of dutiable articles will not necessarily be charged with duty provided that they are *bona fide* personal effects and are duly declared and produced. As the Free State issues its own postage stamps, British stamps can be used only in Northern Ireland.

For golfers, Ireland boasts the possession of some of the grandest courses to be found in any part of the world. When the leading British golfers and a few of the American were recently in Ireland for the Irish Open Championships at Portmarnock (County Dublin) and Newcastle (County Down), those seaside greens were described by the visitors as superior to most of those in England and Scotland, and the equal at least of the best in the United States. It is true that Portmarnock and Newcastle are the finest links in Ireland; but there are many others, North, South, East, and West, which are not much behind them in quality, scenery, and air. Visitors' subscriptions at Portmarnock are 5s. week days and 10s. Sundays and holidays. The average subscriptions on other golf courses are 3s. a day and 10s. a week.

Ireland is also the land of stories. Lady Oxford writes in her "Autobiography" that one of Carlyle's favourite stories was of an Irishman who, when asked where he was driving his pig to, answered "Cark" (Cork). "But," said his interlocutor, "your head is turned to Mullingar." The pig-driver replied, "Whist; he'll hear you." She adds that when she told this story to Gladstone he was delighted. It is not a bad story; but hundreds infinitely better are always current in Ireland for the pleasing of visitors.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

POSTSCRIPT.—The traveller has the choice of several routes by which he may cross to Northern Ireland and the Free State (Southern Ireland). The London, Midland and Scottish Railway gives a choice of three routes, viz., Euston-Holyhead to Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown), the Royal Mail route weekdays and Sundays, shortest sea passage; Heysham and Belfast; Stranraer and Larne. Express Passenger Service—weekdays for Bundoran (Famous Health and Pleasure Resort), Rosapenna, Portsalon (Donegal Highlands), Warrenpoint, Rostrevor, the Mourne District, and Portrush. Travellers to Southern Ireland from the South of England, the Midlands, or Wales may travel by the Short Sea Route via Fishguard and Rosslare. Daily Service (Sundays excepted). Direct Steamers also run to and from Fishguard and Waterford, and Fishguard and Cork. Express Restaurant Car services and Sleeping Saloons from all the principal Centres in England and Wales are provided by both Companies.

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THE NATION & ATHENÆUM

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SEA VOYAGES

AT this time of the year the shipping lines, the travel agencies, the charabanc proprietors, even the railway companies publish their leaflets, booklets, brochures, and other inducements to travel in such plenty that, if he read them all, the intending holiday-maker must stay at home from sheer weariness and confusion of mind. This only because each tempts him to an enlarged field of adventure which he had never before contemplated, the barriers of which are very simply labelled "time and expense."

Of time, a little later, but into this very question of expense there seems to me a credit to be placed to the holiday account very seldom entered; that concerns all the bothering, personal things like food and tobacco, telephone messages, newspapers and season tickets, taxi-cabs when the train is late, the laundry, cups of coffee at mid-day, the whisky-and-soda at six o'clock—are all these things to be denied, and is a man to come back and say that his holiday cost him (e.g.) £50 and forget that in the normal way he might have spent *en courant* at least £10 of that? Would it not be fair, let alone economically sound, to deduct from such prices as follow at least 25 per cent. for those things saved, or on account of those expenses which would have been ordinarily incurred? I really think so.

THIRD CABIN TO THE U.S.A.

Take, as a first example, the holiday tours to Canada and the United States arranged by the White Star Line. By hazard I have picked one which, with the ocean passage, occupies only three weeks. The time ashore is five days. In this time you visit New York, Niagara Falls, Toronto, and Montreal, and the fare of £12 15s. includes first-class transport in the U.S.A. and Canada—that is, a Pullman parlour-car by day and a sleeping berth by night, hotel accommodation, in fact, everything but meals, the average cost of which is four shillings a time. The sum for hotel accommodation and railway travelling, with sight-seeing trips does not seem to me excessive, but to that you must add the cost of the ocean travel, which is, roughly, £40, a little more or a little less. In other words, for not much more than £50 you may buy a ticket which will in three weeks take you through the breezy experience of an Atlantic voyage, show you something of the New World, and give you an entirely new experience at a cost not greatly exceeding that of a Continental holiday. It may be said that as regards the accommodation afloat, the Tourist Third Cabin is as comfortable as anyone may wish. One reads of meals which it must need a sea appetite to encompass, of frivolities which it must need a renewed strength to enjoy, and for those too tired to play games or frisk in dances, of quiet deck chairs and smoking-rooms where they may enjoy a fortnight's leisure.

A WEEK-END IN CANADA

Two other great lines, the C.P.R. and the Cunard, also advertise these specially cheap rates for third-class tourists—and it must be emphasized that this tourist cabin is quite removed from the ordinary third-class, by which the ordinary passenger travels. One may quote from the many attractive itineraries suggested by the C.P.R. one which opens at Southampton on August 3rd (sailings are, of course, frequent on this and other lines as from the date of writing) by the "Empress of Australia." After six and a half days, Quebec is reached on August 10th. The traveller is established at the Château Frontenac, and is shown the plains of Abraham and the sights of this historic city. He has two more days ashore at Montreal and Ottawa, returning to Quebec on August 18th to embark for home, which he will reach on August 20th. The inclusive

fare for this "week-end in Canada" is £51. "Inclusive" being a vague word may be defined. In this case it means third-cabin accommodation, first-class railroad travel, a berth in first-class sleeper for night journeys, sight-seeing drives by automobiles, all meals on Atlantic ships, and breakfast, lunch and dinner each day ashore, as well as other minor amenities. These tours of the C.P.R., like those of the other great lines, may be extended to occupy any time or cover any distance. Though we are here deliberately stressing those trips which come within moderate means, one should perhaps mention the Canadian Pacific tour de luxe, which opens at Liverpool on July 26th when the "Duchess of Richmond" leaves for Quebec, and the traveller really sees Canada in its length and breadth, not reaching England again until September 11th. This is a tour in which railway travel and motor-cars are both at the service of the tourist. It is, as has been said, a first-class tour throughout, with observation cars on the railways (even, it seems, one can engage a drawing-room of one's own on the train), and the inclusive charge is £197 10s.

BY CUNARD TO THE FJORDS

The Cunard Company is very far from being behind-hand in offering inexpensive tours to its clients. Their tourist third-cabin rates do not materially differ from those of the other big lines for trips to the United States and Canada. Their sailings are very frequent. These things being so, it may be more profitable to quote details of some of their extra cruises to other parts. On August 2nd the "Carinthia" leaves Southampton for a seventeen-days' cruise of the Norwegian fjords, touching on her way Copenhagen and Oslo. Shore excursions, which are optional, may be taken, and the fare for the trip is from thirty guineas. Looking forward to the winter and spring of next year, the company already announces trips to the West Indies (from ninety guineas), a twenty-five-days' trip round the Mediterranean (from fifty guineas), and a sixteen-days' voyage to the Atlantic Isles and North Africa (from thirty guineas). Their ship "Franconia" leaves next January for its "round the world cruise" of six months, the fare for which is from £430. An interesting sidelight in their circular is shown in the list of fares charged by the Anchor Line for the voyage to Gibraltar by their Indian service. This ranges from £10 saloon to £6 third-cabin, and seems to indicate an extremely cheap way of reaching Southern Spain. It may be also mentioned that arrangements have been completed between the Cunard, Blue Star and Grace lines for round-trip triangular tours between this country, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, and New York. (First-class throughout from £188.)

BY THE FRENCH LINE

One cannot help being attracted by the announcements of the French line, the Cie. Gle. Transatlantique. Despite their impeccable English, they have a native flavour which distinguishes them from all others. Read such an inducement as this: "Good food, and good wines, for which the French lines are justly famous, are as sure a safeguard against sea-sickness as has yet been discovered. The French know the human stomach from which this dreaded illness comes, and the art of catering to its finest susceptibilities is one which only a French chef and an atmosphere of France can attain." I like particularly, too, their offer to their American clients to show them Paris six days before they reach it. Their attractive booklets show life aboard the great liners the "Ile de France" and the "Paris" in a most animated way, even to the children's playrooms with their roundabouts and Punch-and-Judy shows. One must admire, too, the modern decorations of

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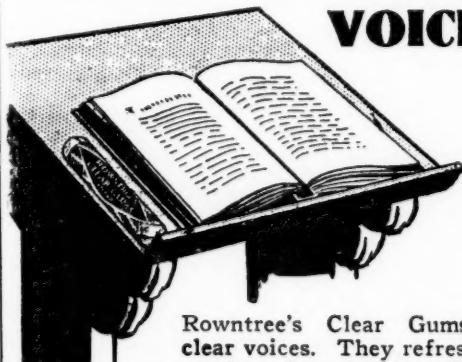
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Edited by HAROLD STOREY

JUNE NUMBER

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SPEECHES AND STATEMENTS

POINTS FROM THE CAMPAIGN

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PAPERS AND BLUE BOOKS—TRADE
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these ships, utterly unlike anything to be found in the British passenger liners, having a most cheerful simplicity about them. Apart from the ordinary sailings to New York, the French line offers a number of other attractive tours. Their ships leave Plymouth regularly for the West Indies at what must seem extremely moderate rates to their passengers. "Westward Ho! to Trinidad" may be accomplished, first class for £32, or second class for £26 10s. Their ships, too, touch Havana and Vera Cruz. A second-class berth to either of these ports costs, roughly, £40 from St. Nazaire. There can be no question that the French line does prove its capacity to make the second-class passenger very comfortable.

SAILING THE AMAZON

There is a tour advertised yearly by the Booth Line which has the very spirit of romance in its name alone. It is called "1,000 miles up the Amazon." Anyone I have ever met who has taken this trip has always returned full of enthusiasm, and though I do not propose to quote from the rather hectic pamphlet with which the Booth Line advertises it, I advise any intending traveller to secure it for the attraction of the photographs alone. It is sufficient to say that the tour (the next starts from Liverpool on July 16th) takes in all six weeks. The ports of call are Leixoes, Lisbon, Madeira, Para, and Manaos. The Amazon cruise, we are assured, may be undertaken by all who are in normal health, and is particularly recommended to those with jaded nerves. Were my own in such a condition, I can imagine nothing more restful than sitting in a deck chair and watching the panorama of a primæval forest. The cost of the tour is from £90 to £120.

ARGENTINA AND BRAZIL

Should your ambitions lie towards Argentina or Brazil you cannot do better than consult the Blue Star Line. You may accomplish a thirty-five days' tour to Brazil, inclusive of five days' hotel accommodation in Rio de Janeiro for £135. Sailings are fortnightly, both to Brazil and Argentina. Nine days in Buenos Aires and in all forty-nine days' tour costs, inclusively, £156. The "de luxe" mail steamers carry only first-class passengers. It is unnecessary to labour the delight of such trips to South America, but as they have been shortly dismissed it may be added that very handsome pamphlets describing them may be obtained from the offices of the Booth Line in Adelphi Terrace.

J. B. S. B.

AUCTION BRIDGE

BY CALIBAN.

VARIATIONS ON A COMMON THEME

THE hand which follows is an admirable illustration, first, of the perversity of fate, and, secondly, of the serious consequences which may result from an error of judgment. I have seen few hands lately which demonstrated so pointedly how expensive such errors can be.

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| ♦ Q 6 5 4 | ♦ None |
| ♥ J 3 2 | ♥ 10 8 7 |
| ♦ K Q 5 4 2 | ♦ J 9 8 6 3 |
| ♦ 5 | ♦ 8 7 6 3 2 |
| Y | |
| A | B |
| Z | |
| ♦ A K 8 2 | |
| ♥ K 9 6 | |
| ♦ 10 | |
| ♦ A K Q 9 4 | |

The score was: Game all ; ZY, 9 ; AB, 12. Z dealt and opened the bidding with One No-Trump. A called Two Spades ; Y, Three Diamonds ; B, double ; Z, Four Clubs ; A, no bid ; Y, no bid ; B, double. All passed. The result was disastrous for ZY. A led his Knave of Spades and the first seven tricks were as follows :—

| Trick | A | Y | B | Z |
|-------|-----|-----|------------|------|
| 1 | ♦ J | ♦ 4 | <u>+</u> 2 | ♦ 2 |
| 2 | ♥ Q | ♥ 2 | ♥ 10 | ♥ 6 |
| 3 | ♦ 3 | ♦ 5 | <u>+</u> 3 | ♦ 8 |
| 4 | ♥ A | ♥ 3 | ♥ 8 | ♥ K |
| 5 | ♦ 7 | ♦ 6 | <u>+</u> 6 | ♦ K |
| 6 | ♦ A | ♦ 2 | ♦ 3 | ♦ 10 |
| 7 | ♦ 9 | ♦ Q | <u>+</u> 7 | ♦ A |

ZY made the rest of the tricks ; but they were already 400 to the bad—a heavier loss than that of the game and rubber.

Now where, if at all, did ZY go wrong? Was the result of their venture sheer bad luck, or could they, with the excellent cards they held, have arrived at something better? Let us analyze the bidding and see to what conclusions our analysis lends itself.

(1) Z can hardly be criticized for calling One No-Trump. He has eight probable tricks in his hand ; he is taking risks only in respect of the Diamond suit ; and Y can be relied on, at the score, to give him such further information as may seem desirable.

(2) At the same time, I think One Club a better initial call than One No-Trump. If there is anything in Y's hand at all, ZY should go game in Clubs ; while the call avoids the risk in respect of Diamonds attaching to One No-Trump, and is likely to give Y a better chance of showing what he has got.

(3) The disastrous failure of the final call of Four Clubs is, of course, no answer to the above argument. The "freak" distribution of Spades and Clubs could not have been foreseen.

(4) In fact, the *post mortem* showed that an initial call of One Club by Z would have won the game. The bidding would have been :—

| | | | |
|---------------|--------|-------------|--------|
| Z | A | Y | B |
| One Club | Double | One Diamond | No bid |
| Two No Trumps | | All pass | |

ZY would thus have played the hand in Two No-Trumps and, against A's initial lead of the Knave of Spades, would probably have made four by cards.

(5) Let us now return to the original bidding. A's call of Two Spades was impudent, but, at the score, not wholly indefensible. It turned out, as we have seen, a most successful "push." But had Y doubled—and it was a "free" double—AB would have been hard put to it to make four tricks ; if A had played at all indifferently he would have been 500 down. I recommend my readers to play the hand through, with the lead of his singleton Club from Y.

(6) The first step to disaster, then, was Y's call of Three Diamonds. He argued that A probably held the Ace, King of Spades, and that Z's strength must lie in Hearts and Clubs. I think he was not justified in his call—tempting as it was at the score ; there were too few winners in his hand. Had he played the hand in Diamonds, he would probably have been two down.

(7) What, then, of Z's Four Clubs? Was he right to take Y out, or should he have left him to face the consequences of his Diamond call? I think myself that Z was justified. He argued that, since A had called Spades, and B had doubled Y's Diamonds, Y had outside strength in Hearts ; and that therefore he could hardly lose more than three tricks—one in Diamonds, one in Hearts, and one in Clubs. The revelation that there was *no* outside strength in Y's hand came as a severe disappointment.

The moral, according to A, is that "fortune favours the brave." But I do not agree. In this particular hand, A, Y, and B (whose doubles were quite outrageous) *all* over-called, and, as it happened, it was Y and his partner who paid the penalty. But there is no moral to be drawn from this—as it seems to me—save such as have quite misleading implications.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

ANGLO-AMERICAN—CHARTERED AND TANGANYIKA—OIL AND MEXICAN EAGLE

THE passing of the Conservative Government has not been marked by any expressions of regret in the stock markets. Business has broadened out and "bullishness" in several markets has been apparent. "Boom" conditions under a Socialist Government are no longer regarded as an impossibility in Throgmorton Street. It must not, however, be supposed that the public has plunged into the Stock Exchange since the election. The activity has been largely professional, notably in the oil and mining share markets. The following table gives the remarkable advances which have occurred in the share prices of some Rhodesian copper mines or concessions which, if all goes well, should be producing copper in commercial quantities in two or three years' time:—

| | Jan. 2. | May 29. | June 11. | |
|-----------------------|---------|---------|----------|-----|
| N'Changa £1 | | 18 | 3½ | 42* |
| Loangwa 5/- | | 5/9 | 7/3 | 9/3 |
| Roan Antelope 5/- | | 2 | 2 5-16 | 2½ |
| Rho, Congo Borders £1 | 2½ | 8½ | 10½† | |

* After deduction of rights valued at 5s.

† After deduction of rights valued at £2.

Of these shares, Loangwa have not yet enjoyed a large rise, but a strike on its vast concession of 90,000 square miles is almost bound to be rumoured before very long. There is, however, only one way in which the *investor* can safely participate in the Rhodesian gamble, namely, by buying the shares of holding companies interested in Rhodesia which are regularly paying dividends. He has the choice of Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa, the British South Africa Company ("Chartered"), and Tanganyika Concessions.

* * *

"Chartered" is, of course, the holding company with the biggest stake in Rhodesia, owning, as it does, the whole of the mineral rights in the two colonies. In Southern Rhodesia (a self-governing colony), the amount of its royalties is fixed by law and the rates are low. In Northern Rhodesia (a Crown Colony) its royalties are on a sliding scale, varying with prices. In addition to its mineral royalties it has acquired holdings in most of the Rhodesian mining companies, so that it benefits, as it were, twice over from the mineral development of Rhodesia. For the investor the only objection is the low yield—3½ per cent.—obtainable from the 15s. shares quoted at 42s. 6d. on the basis of dividends of 1s. 6d. This yield, however, is better than that obtained from the shares of Tanganyika Concessions at 3 1-16, which are in receipt of dividends of 7½ per cent. Tanganyika Concessions holds 30 per cent. of the capital of the Union Miniere du haut Katanga and 90 per cent. of the capital of the Benguella Railway, which will shortly be carrying the copper output of the Union Miniere mines direct to the West Coast of Africa. Incidentally, the through connection of the Benguella Railway with the west coast will divert traffic from the Rhodesian railways in which "Chartered" is interested. The book reserves of Tanganyika Concessions are enormous. Last July the market value of its investments exceeded its issued capital of £5½ millions by nearly £9 millions. We regard it as significant that Tanganyika Concessions shares are being quietly absorbed by those who can afford to wait.

* * *

Anglo-American is one of the South African "finance houses." In addition to its Rhodesian holdings it has large interests in gold and diamonds. Its diamond interests have been a source of trouble, but the future of the diamond trade now appears to be regarded with complete confidence by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, the Chairman of the Anglo-American and of the Diamond Syndicate. Diamonds being a luxury, no one can object to diamond prices being artificially maintained by a producers' ring. The stabilization of the diamond market certainly removes a former objection to Anglo-American shares and gives a better balance to the Corporation's revenue. The following table, showing the earnings and dividends over the last three years, brings out the conservative nature of its financial policy:—

| | 1926. | 1927. | 1928. |
|------------------|----------|----------|----------|
| Net Profit | £986,884 | £775,229 | £718,616 |
| Per cent. earned | 26.54 | 20.85 | 19.33 |
| Per cent. paid | 12.5 | 12.5 | 12.5 |

The net profits are expressed as a percentage on the capital of £8,718,453. The decline in earnings has no doubt been due to the difficulties of the diamond trade, but with the improvement in the diamond situation more notice should now be taken of the Corporation's Rhodesian interests. The Anglo-American acquired holdings in Bwana M'Kubwa, Loangwa, N'Changa, Roan Antelope, and Rhodesian Congo Border Concessions at rock bottom prices. All these holdings were transferred to the Rhodesian Anglo-American Ltd., which the Corporation formed last year in conjunction with "Chartered," "Johnnies," and other South African interests. It is known that the Rhodesian Anglo-American 10s. shares, which are now quoted at 38s. 1½d., cost the Corporation about 12s. 6d. a share. It is curious that Anglo-American shares have not reflected to a greater extent the boom in Rhodesian copper mines. A year ago Anglo-American shares were 37s.; to-day they are 46s. 3d., which allows a return of about £5 8s. per cent. on the basis of 12½ per cent. dividends.

* * *

Another "professional" movement is on foot in the oil share market. We have traced its origin to a dealer's circular on Canadian and Mexican Eagle which enjoyed a wide circulation and was responsible for a rise of 1s. 9d. in Mexican Eagle shares. By a stroke of fortune, the movement was assisted first, by the increase in the dividend rate of the Anglo-Persian from 7½ per cent. to 12½ per cent. per annum for the nine months ending December 31st, and, secondly, by the talk of further "restriction" of oil output at the conference of the Governors of the oil-producing States summoned by President Hoover. It is surprising on what ill-informed comment "professionals" can work up a market movement. The dealer's circular intimated that Canadian Eagle had been suffering from a lack of dividends on its Eagle Oil Transport shares and from the heavy cost of building its new refinery in Venezuela, while Mexican Eagle, on the output now being obtained from its high-grade Isthmus fields, should be able to earn over £1,000,000 per annum after paying its first preference dividends. The circular entirely ignored the agreement between Canadian Eagle and Mexican Eagle whereby each guarantees the other's preference share dividends. This means that if the Mexican Eagle made £1,000,000 surplus after paying its first preference dividends, that surplus would have to be applied first in making up any deficiency on the first preference share requirements of Canadian Eagle, then in paying its own 8 per cent. participating preference dividends, and next in paying those of the Canadian Eagle. Mexican Eagle must be a long way off a dividend.

* * *

Finally, too much faith must not be pinned on "restriction" talk in America. Recently the solemn restriction pact in Oklahoma and West Texas was broken by companies of the Standard Oil group because they wanted more oil. Crude oil prices have been increased in the mid-Continent and Texas fields, and further over-production is almost bound to follow. As for the increase in the Anglo-Persian Oil Co.'s dividends, there is no reason why this Company should not distribute a larger proportion of its earnings now that oil prices have been more or less stabilized. In the year ending March, 1928, the Anglo-Persian earned over 16 per cent. In the nine months ending December, 1928, kerosene prices were advanced in India and petrol prices on the Continent. This year petrol prices have been put up to a profitable level in Great Britain. Hence, the Anglo-Persian is in a greatly improved position. This, however, is old history, and its recent discovery by the oil share market should not tempt the prudent investor to follow the gamble in Mexican Eagle.

COMPANY MEETING.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD.

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The 41st Annual General Ordinary Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Company, Limited, was held on June 6th at Station Street, Nottingham, the Hon. J. C. Boot, J.P., Chairman of Directors, presiding.

The Chairman (who was greeted with applause) said: Ladies and gentlemen, if you will turn to the Balance-Sheet, you will see that there are several alterations from last year. If you look at the Assets Side you will observe that Properties have been separated into Freeholds and Leaseholds, and that these show an increase of £107,350. This increase is chiefly accounted for by the building of the first unit of our new factories at Beeston. Plant and fittings show an increase of £61,280, and the same remark applies to this item. Expansion in the Retail is, of course, chiefly borne by the Retail Companies.

You will notice that we have shown separately from Debtors the amounts owing by Subsidiary Companies in order to comply with the new Act. The sum of £824,002 really only represents the normal trading credit which would be allowed to a Retail business of the size and importance of our Subsidiary Companies.

You will note that the par values of shares of Subsidiary Companies is up £45,202, but this now includes the item which appeared last year as Other Investments.

On the other side of the Balance Sheet you will see that there is an amount owing to Subsidiary Companies of £56,009, and this has to be shown separately under the new Act instead of showing the net balance owing by Subsidiary Companies as above. It naturally happens that some of our Retail Companies have more funds in hand than others, owing to the fact that Capital Expenditure varies in each Company every year.

Sundry Creditors and Credit Balances are down £15,017, and I have already referred to the amounts owing to Subsidiary Companies. Our total Reserve Funds now amount to £810,000, and with the £200,000 which it is proposed to transfer, the amount will exceed £1,000,000. Opportunities to expand our business in any part of the world have to be taken as and when they arrive or the chance may be lost for good. In order that we may do that and keep thoroughly up to date it is absolutely necessary in a business this size to have ample reserves. As we have written £13,596 off Properties during the year, we have not added to the Freehold Reserve Fund, and in future we propose to amalgamate this with the General Reserve.

Depreciation Fund on Leaseholds is less by about £13,000, but this is because certain Leaseholds in Nottingham which, owing to our new Works, may not be required, have been written off from both sides of the Balance-Sheet.

Turning to the Profit and Loss Account, you will observe that the balance after deducting various charges is £750,152, which is £48,180 more than last year. The Trading Profit this year has been arrived at after deducting Income Tax, whereas last year this appeared as a charge on the other side of the Account. This charge, however, was not so heavy, owing to certain adjustments, as in the previous year.

After payment of all Preference and Preferred Share Dividends and after payment of four quarterly Dividends of 6 per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary Shares, we have a balance from the year's profits of £293,402, which, with the balance from last year, amounts to £501,709.

Your directors recommend the payment of a bonus of 1s. per share, free of income tax, on the Ordinary Shares, absorbing £75,000, and a transfer to the Reserve Fund of £200,000, leaving £226,709 to be carried forward to next year.

You will be pleased to hear that our new unit at Beeston, Notts, will start production this month, and we are satisfied that better results will be obtained from that ideal plant than from the inadequate buildings hitherto used.

In conjunction with Professor Robinson, F.R.S., and with the biochemical departments of several Universities and Medical Schools our Research Department is working on problems in the forefront of medical science; amongst them researches on Vitamins, carried out in our own Laboratories, have been largely responsible for the high repute of our Vitamin Preparations such as "Vitamalt."

It is pleasant to be able to inform you that the results of the year's trading have been excellent in every way, showing an increase over all previous years in Profits, Sales, and number of customers served.

During the past year, amongst other new branches, we have rebuilt our main Brighton shop, and now have magnificent premises, of which the local people are very proud. We have also opened on the best corner in Glasgow one of the busiest positions in the Kingdom.

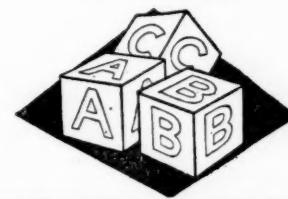
Our aim is to build a well-established, sound business, and not to show figures merely to influence the market price of our shares. We have a fine staff and a business of which the shareholders may well be proud, and we look forward with confidence to the future.

Mr. J. E. Greenwood, M.A., LL.B., A.C.A., seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

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The policy of National Development which has been expounded in the columns of the "NATION" for the past five years, and which was the subject of the pamphlet "Can Lloyd George Do It?" by J. M. Keynes and H. D. Henderson, is likely to be in the forefront of discussion in the new House of Commons.

Events of the House will be dealt with in the "NATION" week by week, but those who still wish to study the details in the pamphlet can obtain copies from this office, price 7d. post free.

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